

The Musical World.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s. Stamped; 12s. Unstamped; to be forwarded by Money Order or Postage Stamps to the Publisher, W. S. Johnson, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Each Subscriber is entitled to an Admission to an Annual Concert, and a Piece of Music, (regular Music size) Monthly.

No. 12.—Vol. XXII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

PRICE THREEPENCE
STAMPED, FOURPENCE

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE second great event of the season has "come off" since our last. The first was the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre; the one we have now to record is the first concert of the fifth season of the Philharmonic Society, established, in 1813, by a body of the most eminent musical professors then resident in London. The interest which the leading organs of the press have begun to take in the concerts of this institution may be traced to two sources—the importance and magnitude of the performances themselves, and the qualifications of Signor Costa for the post of conductor. About the former, opinions are unanimous, criticism only being exercised upon the errors and miscalculations of the directors. But the latter is a *casus belli*, in which the supporters of either side take the positions of decided partisans. It will not be difficult to foresee that the question of the two Italian Operas has something to do with this controversy, inasmuch as regards the authorised organs of either party—the *Morning Post* for Her Majesty's Theatre, and the *Morning Chronicle* for the Royal Italian Opera. The former unmercifully dissects the capabilities of Signor Costa; the latter exalts him to the skies, and places him among the archangels, between Michael and Gabriel. The *Morning Herald* regrets, with the *Post*, that the office of conductor had not devolved upon an English artist. The *Times* declares unceremoniously that Signor Costa is not at all fitted to accomplish his duties satisfactorily, and more plain-speaking than its contemporaries, names Sterndale Bennett as the proper man. The *Daily News* takes no part in the question. We at once own our coincidence with the sentiments advanced by the *Times*. Meanwhile this war of opinion has been the medium of introducing much interesting detail, both critical and historical, of which we propose, in another article, to present our readers with some specimens. Our business now is to recount the proceedings of the first concert.

The crowded and brilliant appearance of the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday night, placed Signor Costa's beneficial influence on the subscription list beyond the reach of doubt. But the critic's duty is not to praise a thing because it brings money, but because it is good in art. Mr. Henry Russell's "I'm Afloat" sells much more than Beethoven's "Circle of Songs," addressed by a lover to his mistress; but though the former contains the elements for ensuring mobocratic favour on a large scale, the popular composer, we are persuaded, would blush to read a criticism in which he should be preferred or compared to Beethoven, or his pleasant lyric to one of the loveliest and deepest of Beethoven's inspirations. *Cela va sans dire*. Therefore, in recording the fiscal results of Signor Costa's engagement as conductor, we reserve to ourselves the entire right of demon-

strating its impropriety. One concert directed by the Autocrat of all the Russias, or the Emperor of China, "brother of the moon," would attract more customers than would fill the Hanover Square Rooms ten times over; but no one will insist therefrom that either of these august personages is in any way fitted for the task. Signor Costa attracts the multitude as a lion or an elephant of unusual proportions would, in a still greater degree, attract the multitude to Exeter Change or the Zoological Gardens. Signor Costa is a lion now, and a lion with a castle on his back, in the shape of the Royal Italian Opera. The people flock to see him wag his tail, to hear him roar, and behold how well he bears his burden. Signor Costa is also a man of fashion, or rather a man in fashion, and so the fashion congregates at his signal, and worships at his shrine. But we are not of the fashion, or in the fashion, and our lion-seeing days are over. We shall, therefore, criticise Signor Costa simply as Signor Costa, the conductor at the Philharmonic, with a steel pen, an iron conscience, and no quarter. We are in the position of the unsopped Cerberus, the directors having thrown us neither tickets of admission, nor advertisements, to appease us; and we shall not let their conductor cross the Styx, even though Charon, in the shape of the *Chronicle*, be ready to row him over. *Fiat justitia*—we are inexorable.

The programme of the first concert was constructed on new principles, and we cannot admire either the principles or the programme. Our readers shall judge:—

PART I.		
Overture (Leonora)	Beethoven.	
Song, "On Lena's gloomy heath," Mr. H.		
PHILLIPS (MS.)	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	
Sinfonia, "La Reine de France"	Haydn.	
Romance, "Va, dit elle," Madame CARADORI		
ALLEN (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer.	
Concerto, Piano-forte, Miss K. LODGE	Weber.	
PART II.		
Scena, "Ah! what delight," Mr. H. PHILLIPS		
(Der Vampyr)	Marschner.	
Concerto Violin, M. SAINTON (MS.)	Mendelssohn Bartholdy.	
Recit. } "Ah! quanti affetti,"		
Aria. } "Sento mancar mi l'anima,"	Crescentini.	
Madame CARADORI ALLEN,		
Sinfonia in C (No. 1)	Beethoven.	
Conductor, M. COSTA.		

Let us state our reasons for disapproving of the programme ere we proceed to criticise the performance. The overture to *Leonora* was the most brilliant and magnificent piece in the selection, and its position, while depriving it of the serious attention it must absolutely receive to be appreciated, helped to destroy the effect of whatever came after it. Haydn's symphony, for example, one of his earliest and most modest, was entirely crushed under the weight of it. Then the vocal

music, except one song (the MS. of Mendelssohn), was wholly uninteresting. Meyerbeer and Marschner cannot be removed from the theatre without prejudice, and the scene from *Der Vampyr* is a very unfortunate specimen of the latter composer. Then we had only one overture, an innovation that admits no argument in its favour. Then the two most important features in the programme were from the pen of Beethoven—an injustice to other composers of merit, whose works should be played as often as practicable. Lastly, the symphonies were both selected from the early efforts of the authors, which was a miscalculation altogether, since nothing is more essential to the interest of a classical programme than variety. *Postscriptum*:—the second part began with a vocal solo, usurping the place of honour belonging, by right of custom and of reason, to the grand symphony of the evening, which, on the present occasion, performed the agreeable duty of playing the audience out, the few that remained to hear being unwarrantably discommoded. To sum up—the selection was in itself weak, and the alteration from the ancient form a complete failure. And now to speak of the execution.

The overture to *Leonora* was vigorously rendered, and the power of the orchestra demonstrated with crashing reality; but to those who do not regard noise as the principle of harmony, that delicate appreciation of the varied poetical beauties in which the work abounds, so necessary to its proper interpretation, was missing. The general movement of the *allegro* was decidedly too slow, which made it drag rather heavily until the *piu mosso*, when the proper time was accomplished. The immense force of the stringed band was brought into play with singular effect in the unison *crescendo* passage which leads to this part of the overture. Mr. Ribas must be especially noticed for the manner in which he rendered the difficult part allotted to the *flauto primo*. During the first performance H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge sat near the orchestra. Not quite satisfied, as it would seem, with the effect, His Royal Highness signified his intention of removing to the gallery at the extremity of the room, and requested that the overture might be repeated, in order to enable him to come to a decision as to which was the most convenient spot for hearing. In obedience to His Royal Highness's request the overture was forthwith repeated. The applause of the audience however was, it must be admitted, by no means enthusiastic. Nevertheless some of our contemporaries signalize the event as a "rapturous encore," which is clearly a misnomer. A correct estimate of the quality of the orchestra was easy to make after the execution of this overture. Its beauties and defects are pretty nigh balanced. Take away some of the stringed instruments, and that important department would be unquestionably strengthened; for as invalids encumber the march of an army, so do certain of the Philharmonic violins, violas, and violoncellos weaken rather than assist the general effect of the body. It is better not to play at all than to play ill and damage the resources of the strong players. In the wind department another kind of reform is necessary. Some of the principals, whose deficiency has for years been a crying sin, should be deposed and more competent men put in their place. The cant of allowing a great national institution (which the Philharmonic professes to be) to suffer, on the plea of not interfering with private interests, would not be tolerated in any country but this. We have too often signalized the departments of the orchestra that are defective (at the risk of our own personal popularity) to make it necessary for us to point them out again. The Directors know well enough where their weakness lies; and it is the province of Signor Costa, in whom they have

vested so much discretionary power, to see it mended—otherwise his office might just as well be filled by any one else; for beat he never so intelligibly, mark he never so well the accent, he cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, he cannot make an inefficient orchestra discourse in perfect measure. We should be among the first to cry out for Signor Costa did he achieve such reforms as these; but if his excellence be confined to the peculiarity of his gyrations with the baton, or stick, we profess to hold it in very small account.

Mendelssohn's song is not one of his most happy inspirations. Its general effect is decidedly heavy, and the monotonous adherence to one key (G minor and major) tires the ear in a composition of such length. Still there are beauties in it that could belong to none but Mendelssohn among living composers; and these are especially to be noted in the orchestration. The words are selected from Ossian, and Mendelssohn may be congratulated on having escaped the infection of rhodomontade which was to be dreaded from the contact of his music with such turgid verbosity. Mr. Phillips, for whom the song was expressly composed, and to whom Mendelssohn presented the manuscript as a mark of professional esteem, interpreted it to admiration. Nothing could surpass the distinctness of his articulation, except the purity with which he vocalized every passage. That the song was not immediately appreciated by the audience must be laid to its depth, which could not be sounded at once without letting out more line than belongs to ordinary mixed audiences—and not to the efforts of Mr. Phillips, which were never more successfully exerted.

Haydn's sinfonia, "La Reine de France," in B flat, is one of his earliest and least musically interesting works. This pleased, however, a certain portion of the audience, to whom it brought associations of other and perhaps happier times—before "the splendor had gone from the grass," and a tree became nothing but a tree—and these naturally made comparisons in its favour by no means complimentary to modern music, like the old woman in the French comedy, who, looking at herself in a newly-fashioned mirror, ejaculated—"On faisait beaucoup mieux les miroirs en mon temps qu'à présent." But the real Haydnite looks to the master's greater works for the imperishability of his fame, and the Philharmonic directors showed little "gratitude to Haydn," in choosing a symphony from his repertoire that could not stand the shadow of a chance of distinction by the side of the earliest of Beethoven. The Romance recalled those pleasant times when *Nicolai's Sonata*, *Pleyel's Concertante*, the *Battle of Prague*, and *Griffin's Concerto*, were the *ne plus ultra* of musical performance and composition. The Directors must have felt a wish to revive the simplicity of pastoral times, when they treated their subscribers with such Bucolic repast. The symphony was well executed; how could it have been otherwise? It is so very easy! But even here the Italian conductor made a mistake in the *vivace* movement, which jogged along for all the world like an *andantino*.

Meyerbeer's Romance is not suited to Madame Caradori Allan, and Madame Caradori Allan's *fioriture* were not suited to Meyerbeer, from which it may naturally be concluded that no very lively sensation was produced by this item of the vocal programme.

Little Kate Loder made a thorough hit. In selecting Weber's Concerto in E flat, she consulted brilliancy rather than beauty; but as her object in her debut was naturally rather to exhibit her powers of execution to advantage than to make display of her musical taste, she was perhaps not to be blamed for her decision. There is hardly a more difficult

concerto among the compositions of modern masters than this; and moreover, which is another defence for Kate Loder, it is more rarely heard than the majority of Weber's pianoforte works. By slow and sure steps this clever young artist has been climbing up the ladder of excellence. Both in composition and in performance she has already distinguished herself greatly. She is full of energy and talent, and has every chance of becoming one of the ornaments of her profession. It was surprising to mark the decision and freshness with which, before so large and critical an auditory, and in the midst of a vast orchestra, she dashed off the *bravura* passages abounding in the concerto; and it was refreshing to listen to the quiet and unaffected sentiment that characterised her reading of the *cantabile* phrases. Altogether her performance was unexceptionable, and the unanimous applause she received was nothing less than her due. Miss Kate Loder was a pupil of the Royal Academy, where she studied under the experienced *surveillance* of Mrs. Anderson. She is now a professor of harmony and the piano in the same institution, to which, and to her instructress, she does the highest credit. We believe that Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Potter can claim the honour of having taught her the principles of composition.

Of Marschner's song we would rather say nothing. We have seldom listened to a more empty display of that unmeaning bombast which too many of the modern Germans, who parody Weber, mistake for fine writing. We only felt a regret that Mr. Phillips' vocal talent should have been thrown away upon it.

We pronounced our opinion of Mendelssohn's violin concerto last year, when it was played by Sivori at the eighth Philharmonic Concert; and a second hearing has confirmed us in the belief that it is one of the most perfect and beautiful compositions of that great master. It is full of genius. The three movements are finely contrasted—the *allegro* in E minor, gloomy and passionate—the *andante*, in C major, tender and expressive—the *finale*, in E major (preceded by an *intermezzo* of a few bars in the minor, as in the C minor sonata of Dussek, Op. 35, from the three dedicated to Clementi) sparkling and vivacious. It abounds in melody throughout, as new as it is exquisite, and this is set off and enriched by harmonic and orchestral treatment in which consummate learning and prodigal fancy go hand in hand. M. Sainton's reading of this concerto differed in many respects from that of the accomplished Sivori. It was less elegant, but more bold—less finished, but more energetic. The last movement M. Sainton took considerably faster than his predecessor. But as we were charmed by the passionate reading of the Italian, so we were struck by the impetuous manliness of the Frenchman. Certainly M. Sainton is a careful violinist, and a thorough artist in every respect. He has played three times at the Philharmonic, and on each occasion has selected a great classical work (two concertos of Spohr, and one by Mendelssohn), and it would be well if other violinists were to follow his example. M. Sainton never played more finely than on this occasion. He seemed to feel instinctively that a comparison would be made between himself and Sivori, whose execution of the concerto last year could not but have deeply impressed itself upon the memory of the Philharmonic subscribers. They will not less remember, we are assured, the performance of M. Sainton, which was marked by as many excellencies, though of another kind. But the best compliment to the violinist was offered in the unanimous applause that greeted his performance from beginning to end, showing clearly the opinion

of the audience, that Sainton had a perfect right to tread where Sivori had trodden before.

The scena of Crescentini is such rubbish that even Madame Caradori Allan could not make it acceptable to a Philharmonic audience. If these old Italian masters are perforce to be disturbed from their long sleep, surely the disturbers might rake up something more honourable to their reputation.

As a mere matter of execution, nothing, on the whole, could have been more excellent than the symphony of Beethoven, which was received with the honors and "ovations" due to its great merits. But we entirely concur with some of our contemporaries, who complain that the *allegro* and the *andante* were both taken too slow by Signor Costa. The *scherzo* and *finale* were capitally played, and left nothing to desire but a little more decision in the horns. We were glad to remark, however, that, in this instance, Signor Costa dispensed with the absurd custom that has so long prevailed of doubling the parts for those instruments. Nothing can possibly warrant such a liberty.

Our impressions of this concert, as a whole, may be gathered from the remarks that commence this article. Both as a selection and as a performance we must pronounce it unsatisfactory; and herein we do but echo the opinion already advanced, on the morning following the concert, by some of the most important and influential of our daily contemporaries. We deeply regret—while acknowledging the Philharmonic Society to be the only refuge in this country for those examples of the highest art which have been developed in the instrumental works of the great masters—we deeply regret, we repeat, to be obliged to record so indifferent a beginning to the thirty-fifth season. Let us hope that the next seven concerts will make amends. We shall be too glad to find cause for praise instead of censure; but we owe it to our readers, on this as on all occasions, to speak the unsophisticated truth.

JENNY LIND.

Since our last, a correspondence has appeared in the morning papers, consisting of a series of letters which we have read over several times without being able to come to any conclusion as to what they mean. As some of our readers are barristers, and divers of them no doubt briefless, we are induced to print the said correspondence, inviting their professional opinion, which we shall be happy to print for the edification of our readers and the advantage of ourselves. The first letter is from Mr. Jennings, of Chancery Lane, to Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane. It thus discourseth:—

"Sir,—I am instructed by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind to hand you the enclosed copy of a letter from that lady at Vienna, the original of which remains in my hands for your inspection. Mademoiselle Lind has voluntarily made this proposal, without assistance or advice from English lawyers, to purchase peace and escape litigation in a foreign land; and I am authorised immediately to carry it out. The proposal is final, and if you accept it, I will attend any appointment you make, and close the affair; and, on the other hand, if you object to it, or do not accept it on or before Tuesday next, I am instructed to appear and defend any suit you may think proper to institute against Mademoiselle Lind, and request you to direct your solicitor to send any process against that lady to me for appearance and defence. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD JENNINGS.

"A. Bunn, Esq., Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

Mr. Jennings would seem to belong to a new Post Office Company, established for the safe non-delivery of letters. He transmits to Mr. Bunn a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Bunn, and tells Mr. Bunn that if he, Mr. Bunn, will call upon him, Mr. Jennings, he, Mr. Bunn may see the original. Suppose the Post Office authorities were to try the same experiment with Her Majesty's subjects, what capital fun it would

be to see the whole population of London rushing to the stately edifice in Aldersgate for a sight of the "originals" of letters, of which "copies" had been already handed them by the men of bags and double-knocks. It has been the opinion of counsel that a man's own letter, like a man's own carpet bag, belongs to a man's own self; but the proceeding of Mr. Edward Jennings, Chancery Lane, 9, has upset the notions on this head which have hitherto obtained. We live and learn! But our readers must be anxious for the contents of the letter of Jenny Lind to Mr. Bunn, mentioned in that of Mr. Jennings.

"*Vienna, Fevrier 28, 1847.*
Monsieur,—J'ai eu l'honneur de recevoir votre lettre du Dec. 19eme, 1846, dans laquelle vous prétendez avoir à me demander des dommages intérêts pour ma non-venue en 1845. Vous connaissez parfaitement les raisons qui m'ont empêché, qui ont rendu impossible mon apparition sur votre théâtre. D'ailleurs mon arrivée n'aurait servi à rien, puisque vous n'aviez ni la traduction de l'opéra le *Feldlager* en Anglais, ni la musique que je devais chanter. Il est plus que probable que l'affaire devant la loi ne vous rapporterait rien, mais je ne veux pas que vous puissiez me taxer de mauvaise foi, quelque peu que je méritasse ce reproche, et je vous offre en remettant le papier signé par moi, à la personne que je nommerai à cet effet, la somme de £2,000 (deux mille livres sterling). Comme je dois venir à Londres en tout cas, je préférerais y venir avec la conscience d'avoir fait tout ce qui dépendait de moi, et je laisse à votre jugement, si vous préferrez cet arrangement à l'aimable à un procès qui vous ne rapportera peut être rien du tout. J'ai chargé M. Edward Jennings, 9, Chancery-lane, de mes instructions ultérieures.

JENNY LIND.

"à M. Bunn, Directeur du Théâtre de Drury-lane, Londres."

To which we heartily respond, Amen! We strongly recommend Mr. Bunn to accede to this "arrangement à l'aimable," hinted at by the delicious nightingale of nightingales. No attempt has been made (which might have been anticipated) by "him of the Chronicle," to throw a doubt upon the authenticity of this letter, the French being of that peculiar character that none but a Swede could possibly have written. We only complain that Mr. Bunn should be compelled to walk all the way to Chancery Lane for the purpose of "taking a sight" of a letter upon which his own name was endorsed, and which consequently, "according to the statutes," would appear (on the surface) to be his own goods and chattels. But Mr. Jennings, Chancery Lane, 9, is evidently of another opinion. For the use of our readers, who do not comprehend *la langue Francaise sautée à la Suedoise*, we present a translation into plain vernacular, which is not our own:—

[Translation.]

"*Vienna, Feb. 28, 1847.*

"Sir,—I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th of December, 1846, in which you pretend to have to claim from me damages for my non-arrival in 1845. You are perfectly conversant with my reasons for not coming, and which rendered impossible my appearance at your theatre. Besides, my arrival would have been fruitless, since you had not at the time the opera of the *Feldlager* translated into English nor the music which I was engaged to sing. It is more than probable that this affair, brought before a court of justice, would yield you nothing; but I am determined you shall not tax me again with bad faith, however little I merit such a reproach, and I offer to pay you the sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) on your returning the paper signed by me to the person I shall appoint for the purpose. As I shall in any event come to London, I should prefer coming with the consciousness of having done all that depended upon me, and I leave it to your choice and judgment whether you will prefer this arrangement to a lawsuit, from which you would probably derive nothing. I have given to Mr. Edward Jennings, of 9, Chancery-lane, all necessary and further instructions on the present subject.

JENNY LIND.

"To Alfred Bunn, Esq., Director of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London."

One more letter and we have done. It is from Mr. Bunn to the morning papers, *apropos* of the above, and has been published in all of them, with the exception of the *Morning Post*.—

"Sir,—I request your permission to insert my reply to the letter which appeared in the *Times* of yesterday, signed 'Edwd. Jennings'."

"*11, Fitzroy-square, March 15, 1847.*

"Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 13th instant, and have only to observe, that on receiving the original letter from Madlle. Lind (addressed to me), which you state to be in your hands, and of which you have enclosed me a copy, I will instantly reply to it. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"E. Jennings, Esq., &c. &c."

"Mr. Jennings waited upon me, and showed me a letter not written by, but signed 'Jenny Lind,' which he refused to leave with me, although addressed to me. To that letter I have sent an answer, giving a negative to the professional points therein sought to be maintained; but making a proposition which, if Madlle. Lind has that sense of 'disinterestedness and good faith' claimed for her, she will not hesitate to accept. As to the non-existence of any legal claim, from opinions alleged to have been delivered by the law-officers of the Crown, I beg to say, I have acted upon the judgment of the first lawyers in England and Prussia, and feel assured that no such offer as £2000 would be made, if the opinion on the contract signed at Berlin, in the presence of the British Minister, were questionable. I have the honour to be, sir, your much obliged servant.

"A. BUNN.

"*London, March 17, 1847.*"

We do not presume to know Mr. Bunn's business better than he knows it himself; but, as his warm well-wishers, we urge him to accept the £2000, and he will entitle himself to the gratitude of the fair songstress, whom all the world here is so anxious to behold, and who has behaved so nobly, and so unaffectedly in the matter.

LOLA MONTEZ.

Poor little, stupid, pretty, pouting, chattering, good-tempered, warmhearted, reckless, extravagant, naughty Lola! Who would have dreamed, two years gone by, when we saw thee at Bonn, the cynosure of a crowd of idlers, talking so charmingly at random, laughing so merrily at everything and nothing, eating, and drinking, and smoking (dried herring, tea, and cigarettes), doing everything, in short, except listen to Beethoven's music—albeit it was Beethoven's festival, and thou hadst come from afar, with some lately acquired thousands of *lires* (not sterling) in thy pouch—who would have dreamed, that within the short space of four and twenty months, thou shouldst have arrived at the distinction of upsetting a whole government, of dispersing a powerful party, of captivating the whole heart of a king of a large and prosperous kingdom—the third estate in Germany!—who would have dreamed it? Not we, certes—nor Jules de Glimes, who introduced us to thee, capricious Lola! and took us "to tea" at thy lodgings—nor Jules Janin, who was angry because thou didst "tu-toi" him—nor Fiorentino, who was thy shadow—nor Schott, who philosophised upon thy follies!—not one of us, Lola, would have dreamed of it. But here are facts. Behold thee the subject of political discussion! Behold thee, the theme of three "leaders" in the *Times*!! Behold thee, the mistress of the King who loves the arts!!! Behold thee, the enemy and the vanquisher of the dark and subtle Jesuits!!!! Professors of Jesuitism are dismissed for thee—Jesuitical ministers resign for thee—the King's heart is open to thee! And why, forsooth, shouldst thou not, little Lola, be made a citizen of Munich? Is there in Munich such an atmosphere of rigidity (purity—so termed) that thy breath, silly wanton, should infect it as with an epidemic? No, no, it is not so. Thou art the blind instrument of Fate, who hath chosen thee as his minister, to free Bavaria and its King from a detestable tyranny and a grasping faction. Unwittingly thou hast achieved thy mission, and Fate has recompensed thee with the gratitude of the King, who will shower honours upon thee, and set thee up in high places to be adored by his subjects. And better,

much better for the King, to be enslaved by thy attractions, than by the secret influence of those fanatic moles, who live in dark places and undermine empires.

Such was the current of our reflections on reading the articles in the *Times*, on the now engrossing theme of Bavarian politics, and more especially in perusing Lola's own letter, which proves, beyond further question, the correctness of the views set forth in the leaders of "the Thunderer." We translate it into our own pages with pleasure, where it will remain, to be re-read hereafter, as a sign of the times in which we now live.

"To the Editor of the *Times*."

"Sir,—Having had a copy of your paper of the 2d inst. sent to me, I trust you will, in justice to myself, insert the following short account of the real state of affairs here, and which at the same time will be a contradiction to the numerous articles which have lately appeared in the French papers:—I left Paris in June last on a professional trip, and, amongst other arrangements, decided upon visiting Munich, where, for the first time I had the honour of appearing before His Majesty, and receiving from him marks of approbation, which you are aware is not a very unusual thing for a professional person to receive at a foreign Court. I had not been here a week before I discovered that there was a plot existing in the town to get me out of it, and that the party was the Jesuit party. Of course you are aware that Bavaria has long been their stronghold, and Munich their head-quarters. This naturally to a person brought up and instructed from her earliest youth to detest this party (I think you will say justly), irritated me not a little. When they saw that I was not likely to leave them, they commenced on another tack, and tried what bribery would do, and actually offered me 50,000*fr.* yearly if I would quit Bavaria and promise never to return. This, as you may imagine, opened my eyes; and, as I indignantly refused their offer, they have since then not left a stone unturned to get rid of me, and have never for an instant ceased persecuting me. I may mention as one instance, that within this last week a Jesuit professor of philosophy in the University here, of the name of Lassault, was removed from his professorship, upon which the party paid and hired a mob to insult me and break the windows of my house, and also to attack the Palace; but, thanks to the better feeling of the other party, and the devotedness of the soldiers to His Majesty and his authority, this plot likewise failed. The late change in the Ministry that you allude to was a spontaneous act of His Majesty's, and you pay me too great a compliment in supposing that I was a party to such a measure; but from what I have seen and heard of His Majesty, I should think he had very just grounds for taking the step which he did. Since my residence here I can safely say that I have in no way interfered in any affairs not concerning myself, and as I intend making it my future abode, it is particularly annoying to me, hearing so many scandalous and unfounded reports which are daily propagated; and in justice to myself and my future prospects in life, I trust that you will not hesitate to insert this letter in your widely-circulated journal, and show my friends and the public how unjustly and cruelly I have been treated by the Jesuit party in Munich. Knowing that your columns are always open to protect any one unjustly accused, and more especially when that one is an unprotected female, makes me rely upon you for the insertion of this, and

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your obliged servant,

Munich, March 11, 1847.

LOLA MONTEZ."

Lola, you are a casuist! You are one too much for the Jesuits! You have not read the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, but you have read the human heart, and can give them six any day in the week, with the fathers and schoolmen to boot:—"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction,"—you have proved it.

MUSIC AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From a Correspondent.)

A Concert was given on Tuesday evening, March 9, in the Town-hall, which drew together a very fashionable assembly. The entertainment commenced with a quatuor, from Costa's *Malek Adeh*, which was sung excellently by the Misses Williams and Dolby, and the Messrs. Wrighton and H. Von Hoff. The last named gentleman next gave a song from *Maritana*, which was applauded, though by no means ex-

cellently sung. The Misses Williams were heard to great advantage, in a duet of Rossini's. Mr. C. Sippel, played a solo on the cornet, which was encored. Miss Dolby was encored in the grand aria, "Ah! Quel quivro," from *Semiramide*. A pianoforte solo, the composition of Döhler was admirably executed by Mr. Wilkinson. The Misses Williams and Mr. Wrighton, were next called on to repeat Curschman's pretty trio, "Te prego." Clinton's duet, for clarinet and flute, performed by the Messrs. F. and C. Sippel, was encored, as were likewise Linley's two ballads, "Constance," and "Primroses deck the bank," most deliciously sung by Miss Dolby. Miss A. Williams also received a similar compliment in a song of Auber's; and the concert concluded with Hatton's duet, "Two merry gay laughing faries," given by the Misses Williams. The entertainment gave the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Wilkinson, accompanied all the vocal morceaux, and acquitted himself like a musician.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Goethe.

Continued from page 171.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

THE great disquiet occasioned to Charlotte by this visit was compensated by the fact, that she learned fully to understand her daughter, in which she derived great assistance from her knowledge of the world. It was not the first time that she had met a singular character of the kind, though she had never seen one carried to such excess. And yet she had been taught by experience that such persons when formed by life, by a variety of events, and by domestic relations, can attain a very pleasant and amiable maturity, since their self-will becomes softened, and their wandering activity takes a decided direction. Hence Charlotte, as a mother, was more disposed to put up with a phenomenon which to others might have been displeasing, as it well becomes parents to hope, while strangers only wish to enjoy, or at least do not want to be encumbered.

However, after the departure of her daughter, Charlotte was struck in a very peculiar and unexpected manner at finding that Luciana had left behind her a bad name, not only through the blameable part of her conduct, but also through that which might have been considered laudable. Luciana seemed to have made it her law not only to be joyous with those who rejoiced, but also to be mournful with those who mourned; nay, that she might put in full practice the spirit of contradiction, often to make the joyous cross, and the mournful hilarious. In every family into which she came she enquired for the sick and weakly who could not come into society. She visited them in their rooms, performed the part of a physician, and urged every one to take some strong remedy from the medicine-chest, which she always took with her in her carriage. The cures, as may be imagined, succeeded or failed, just as chance directed.

In this sort of kindness she was really cruel, and would listen to no objections, because she was perfectly convinced that her conduct was excellent. But she also failed in an experiment made on the moral side, and this it was that gave Charlotte a great deal of trouble, for it was not without its consequences, and was a topic of general remark. It was not till after Luciana's departure that she heard of it; and Ottilia, as she had been present during the affair, was obliged to give her a circumstantial account.

One of the daughters of a distinguished family had been unfortunate enough to cause the death of a younger sister, and could not banish her uneasiness on this account. She quietly employed herself in her own chamber, and could only endure the sight of her friends, when they came one at a time; for she suspected that if several came together, they might reflect among themselves upon her and her situation. To each one singly she expressed herself rationally, and would converse with them for the hour together.

Luciana had heard of this, and had at once silently resolved that if she entered the house she would, as it were, work a miracle, and restore the lady to society. She conducted herself with more than

ordinary prudence, and managed to introduce herself alone into the invalid's presence, and, as far as could be observed, to gain her confidence through the aid of music. At last, however, she made a mistake; for wishing to produce an excitement, she one evening took into a gay, miscellaneous society the pale beautiful girl, whom she thought sufficiently prepared. Perhaps she would have succeeded, had not the company, from curiosity and apprehension, behaved in a very unsuitable manner, first crowding round the invalid, then shunning her, and then perplexing and exciting her by all sorts of whispering and shaking of the head. This the delicately sensitive girl could not endure. She left the room with frightful screams, which seemed to express horror at some approaching monster. The company, terrified, dispersed in all directions, and Ottilia was one of those who took the girl, now quite insensible, to her chamber.

In the meanwhile, Luciana had, in her own fashion, addressed a severe rebuke to the company, without in the least degree thinking that she alone was to blame, or allowing herself to be checked by this and other failures from her usual course of activity.

From that time the situation of the invalid had become more critical, and eventually the malady so much increased, that the parents were not able to keep the poor child at home, but were forced to send her to a public asylum. Charlotte could do nothing more than show a kind regard for the family, and thus in some degree alleviate the pain her daughter had occasioned. The affair had made a deep impression upon Ottilia, and she pitied the poor girl so much the more, because, as she did not deny even to Charlotte, she thought that with a consistent method of treatment, the invalid would certainly have recovered.

As people generally talk about disagreeable rather than agreeable subjects, there came also under discussion a little misunderstanding which had arisen between Ottilia and the architect, when on the evening before-described, he would not show his collection, in spite of her kind entreaties. This refusal—she did not know why—had always remained in her thoughts. Her feelings were quite correct; for anything that is requested by a girl like Ottilia should not be refused by a young man like the architect. However, he answered her soft reproaches with some tolerably valid excuses.

"If you knew," said he, "how roughly even persons of education treat the most valuable works of art you would pardon me for not liking to bring my own among a great number of persons. No one can manage to take up a medal by its edge, but people touch the finest impression, and the purest ground, and pass from one to another the most valuable pieces between their finger and thumb, as if this was the way of testing works of art. Without thinking that a broad sheet of paper ought to be taken up with two hands, they snatch with one hand only at an invaluable copperplate, or a drawing not to be replaced, just as a presuming politician catches up a newspaper, and by the crackling of the paper already pronounces his opinion upon the events of the world. No one thinks that if twenty persons in succession proceeded in this manner with a work of art, the one-and-twentieth would have very little left to look at."

Have not I often given you this kind of uneasiness?" asked Ottilia; "have not I sometimes unsuspectingly injured your treasures?"

"Never," replied the architect, "never! With you it would be impossible, for with you propriety is innate."

"At all events," remarked Ottilia, "it would be no bad plan if in the book of good manners, after the chapters which describe how we should eat and drink in company, a circumstantial one were added as to how one should behave in museums and among collections of art."

"In such a case, no doubt," returned the architect, "the amateurs and guardians of museums would more readily exhibit their curiosities."

Ottilia had already long forgiven him; but when he seemed to take her reproaches very much to heart, and affirmed over and over again that he would exhibit whatever he possessed, and readily exert his activity to oblige his friends, she felt that she had hurt his feelings, and was in some measure his debtor. Therefore, she could not bluntly refuse the request which he made to her in the course of this conversation, although, on consulting her feelings, which she did at once, she did not see how she could grant his wishes.

The affair stood thus. The architect had been much hurt at perceiving that Ottilia was excluded by Luciana's jealousy from the representations of pictures; he also deeply regretted that Charlotte, on account of ill health, had only been able to attend at intervals this brilliant part of the social entertainments. He was now unwilling to depart without showing his gratitude by an exhibition for the amusement of the one, and in honour of the other, far more beautiful than any which had preceded. Perhaps, without his knowing it, another and a secret impulse had acted upon him. It was to him so very difficult to leave this family, nay, it appeared to him impossible to part from Ottilia's eyes, upon the calm, kindly glances of which he had lived almost entirely during the last period.

The Christmas holidays were approaching, and it at once struck him that the representation of pictures by figures in relief is properly derived from what is called the "presepe," that is to say, form that pious exhibition which at this holy time took place in honour of the divine mother and child, when, in their apparent poverty, they were adored first by shepherds, and soon afterwards by kings.

He had completely conceived the possibility of such a picture. A fine fresh-looking boy was found, there could be no lack of shepherds and shepherdesses, but without Ottilia the thing could not be accomplished. The young man had in his mind exalted Ottilia into the "Mother of God," and if she refused this position he plainly saw that the whole project must fail. Ottilia, somewhat perplexed, referred him with his request to Charlotte. She readily accorded her permission, and even kindly overcame the scruples of Ottilia in assuming so lovely a form. The architect laboured night and day, that nothing might be wanting on Christmas-eve.

Yes—literally night and day. His necessities were few, and the presence of Ottilia seemed to serve him in place of all nourishment. While he worked for her sake it seemed as though he needed no sleep; while busied on her account it seemed that he required no food. Hence all was finished and ready in time for the solemn evening. He had succeeded in procuring some euphonous wind-instruments, which played an introduction, and served to attune the mind for what was coming. When the curtain rose, Charlotte was really astounded. The picture represented before her had been so often repeated in the world, that a new impression from it was hardly to be expected. But here the reality in the shape of the picture had its especial advantages. The whole space had rather the appearance of night than of twilight, and yet none of the details were indistinct. The exquisite thought that all the light should proceed from the child, the artist had managed to realise by a judicious mechanical contrivance in the lighting, concealed by the figures in the foreground, which were in the shade, and only illumined by oblique rays. Joyous girls and boys stood around, whose fresh countenances were sharply lit up from below. Nor was there any lack of angels, whose peculiar radiance seemed to be obscured by that of Divinity, and whose ethereal bodies seemed to grow dense and obscure compared to that of the God-man.

Fortunately the child had fallen asleep in the most graceful attitude, so that there was nothing to disturb the contemplation, if the eye fell upon the supposed mother, who with infinite grace had raised a veil to exhibit the hidden treasure. At this moment the picture seemed to be fixed. Physically dazzled, mentally surprised, the inferior personages of the *tableau* seemed to have moved, and to have turned away their astonished eyes for the sake of turning them back again with delighted curiosity, showing more wonder and pleasure than admiration and reverence, although even these qualities were not forgotten, and the expression of them had been entrusted to some of the more aged figures.

Ottilia's form, attitude, mien, look, exceeded all that had ever been represented by a painter. A connoisseur of fine feeling, on witnessing this phenomenon, would have dreaded lest anything should move—would have felt afraid that nothing would ever again please him so much. Unfortunately no one was there capable of comprehending the entire effect. The architect alone, who, as a tall slim shepherd, looked from the side over the kneeling figures, had the greatest enjoyment, though he did not stand at the best point of view. And who shall describe the air of the newly-made Queen of Heaven? The purest humility, the most amiable feel-

ing of modesty, in spite of a great honour received but unmerited, was represented in her features, which expressed both her own feelings, and also the notion she formed of the character she represented.

Charlotte was delighted at the beautiful picture, but the greatest effect upon her was produced by the child. Tears streamed from her eyes, and she pictured to herself in the liveliest manner, that she hoped soon to have a similar beloved creature upon her bosom.

The curtain had been let down partly to afford some rest to the performers, and partly to introduce a change in the scene. The artist had designed to change the first picture of night and lowliness into one of day and glory, and on this account had got ready an immense array of lights, which were to be kindled during the interval.

While placed in this half-theatrical position, it had been the greatest comfort to Otilia that no one had witnessed this pious performance excepting Charlotte and a few residents in the house. She was, therefore, somewhat astonished when she learned in the interval that a stranger had come, who had been kindly greeted by Charlotte. Who he was they could not tell her. She, therefore, resigned herself to the circumstance, that she might not occasion any interruption. Candles and lamps were burning, and she was surrounded by an infinite brilliancy. The curtain arose, and a surprising sight was revealed to the spectators. The picture was all light, and in the place of the shade, which had been entirely removed, the colours only were left, which being judiciously selected, produced a beautiful softening effect. Looking through her long eye-lashes, Otilia observed a male figure sitting by Charlotte. She did not recognise him, but fancied that she heard the voice of the teacher from the school. A strange feeling came over her. How much had happened since she had heard the voice of this faithful preceptor! Like forked lightning the series of her joys and sorrows darted before her soul, and excited the question, "Dare you confess everything to him? How little worthy are you to appear before him in this holy form, and how strange must it appear to him to see in a mask you whom he has hitherto seen naturally!" With incomparable rapidity, feeling and reflection opposed themselves to each other within her. Her heart was oppressed, her eyes filled with tears, as she forced herself to continue the appearance of an immovable picture, and she was highly pleased when the boy began to stir, and the artist felt obliged to give the signal for letting down the curtain.

If the painful feeling at not being able to hasten towards an estimable friend had already, during the last moments, associated itself to the other emotions of Otilia, she was now even in still greater perplexity. Should she approach in these strange vestments and ornaments? Should she change her dress? She did not deliberate in the choice, but changed her attire at once, endeavouring to calm and collect herself in the meanwhile. She had not quite recovered her self-possession, until at last, in her ordinary dress, she greeted the new visitor.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

THE TENOR OF THE CURSE.

(From Punch.)

THE celebrated Fraschini, the *Tenore della maledizione*, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. His imprecation in *Lucia di Lammermoor* certainly justified all that we had heard said of it. We fully expected that our blood would run cold, and we went prepared with a thermometer, which, upon application to our pulse, indicated, during the tremendous *maledizione*, thirty-five of Fahrenheit. The audience would have kept Fraschini cursing all night, had it not been unreasonable to demand more than a pair of maledictions in one evening. Fortunately, our veins resumed their wonted fluency at the *Fra Poco*, which warmed us up after our recent chill; or we might have found our circulation completely stopped, and that, we need scarcely say, would have been the death of us. We looked in vain for the singing from the eyes, with which a contemporary has given us to understand Fraschini

would favour us. He certainly acted with his eyes, and lashed himself up into enthusiasm, while the audience applauded "like winking." Fraschini has one of those voices, *di petto*, which are great pets with us; instead of that *voce di testa* which is in some cases detestable. Though we have made some cursory remarks on his curse, we do not mean to say that malediction only is his forte, for he can also take his place as a *tenore di tenerezza* among the very first of that quality.

SONNET.

NO. XXVI.

Avoid thee, love! so little canst thou know,
How my whole heart to thee is dedicate,
How thou to me art a resistless fate,
And canst alone distribute joy or woe!
Avoid thee, love! I say, nay, thou think'st not so;
Thou know'st on thee I ever meditate,
Thou know'st that tow'ards thee all my fancies straight,
As they were rushing homeward, ever flow.
Avoid thee! I, whom thy sweet smiles have bless'd,
Who live upon the glances of thine eye,
Who writhe with pain to see one swelling tear,
Who thy dear hand with rapture wild have press'd,
Who from thy lip have snatch'd ecstatic joy,
Thou think'st that I avoid thee—dost thou, dear?

N. D.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—Mr. Wilson, who has long been distinguished among his vocal brethren of the other side of the channel, for the admirable manner in which he gives expression to Scottish song, whether serious, pathetic, or comic, has commenced in Paris a series of musical soirées, intended to illustrate the beauties and peculiarities of the musical compositions of his native country. The first of these entertainments was given on Monday evening, in Sax's Rooms, Rue Neuve, St. George's, when the vocalist fully supported the high reputation he has long enjoyed in Great Britain. Mr. Wilson is an accomplished musician, possessing a tenor voice of the finest quality and great range; his style, which is the simplest and least ornate perhaps of any public singer of the day, is evidently fashioned on the simple ballads of Scotland, and confers on these beautiful gems of song a pathos and sweetness which would in vain be sought in the more elaborate kinds of vocalisation now generally indulged in. But what more particularly distinguishes Mr. Wilson from his brothers in Apollo is, that he is equally at home in the serious and the comic, the sad and the gay, the grand and the ridiculous; so that on Monday evening, after melting his audience to tears by the touchingly pathetic "Land o' the leal," and "The flowers o' the forest," he exhibited such a fund of native humour in his "Hame cam our gudeman at e'en," and "Get up and bar the door," as absolutely to keep his brethren of the North, of whom we noticed a tolerable sprinkling present, in a roar from beginning to end. It was something new in this classic land of song to witness an individual do the honours of an entire soirée unaided and alone; and what was not the least novelty on the occasion, was his prefacing the various specimens of his "native wood-notes wild" by a variety of anecdotes and explanatory observations, which largely aided in rendering the antique specimens of Scottish song intelligible to modern English ears. The impression created by Mr. Wilson's *début* before a mixed Parisian and British audience was highly flattering for that gentleman; and it is scarcely to be doubted that he will gain in public estimation, the more generally his taste and talent as a vocalist become known. Mr. Wilson, we perceive, will give his second *soirée* on Friday evening, the programme of which

shows an equally varied and attractive bill of fare as its predecessor of Monday last.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

The last week of the *Italiens* has given us back an ancient favourite, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which exhibits Lablache in what we have always considered his greatest comic character, the deaf, old uncle, Geronimo. Never did the fine old Neapolitan display more of that vivacity and spontaneous humour, which seems the peculiar gift of his countrymen, than on this occasion. The opera was well performed and sung throughout. The ladies were respectively enacted by Mmes. Persiani and the two Brambilla's; but the parts contain little room for the display of the talents of the singers. Mario was the Paolini, and was encoired in his single air *Pria che Spunta*, which he gave with wonderful taste and beauty of tone. Tagliafico played the Count, and sang the music more than respectably, especially in the well-known comic duet between him and Lablache. We ought to mention that it was the benefit of the latter, and that a garland, colossal as himself, was hurled from one of the *loges*, and fell at his feet amid the laughter and applause of the public.

St. PETERSBURGH.—M. Vieuxtemps, the great violinist, has been lately giving concerts in the imperial city, and performing at private hotels with immense *éclat*. On the 13th of last month he gave a concert in the imperial theatre, which realised him 6,000 francs, clear of all expenses. Mons. Vieuxtemps is about leaving Petersburg for Paris, and will arrive in London about the middle of April, to fulfil numerous and important engagements.

REVIEWS ON MUSIC.

"*Il piacer dello Studio*," characteristic Studies for the Flute. By ANTONIO MINASI. PROWSE.

Mr. Minasi is a good flute player, consequently any work from his pen will be welcome to professors of that instrument. The work before us commences with instructions on the acquirement of tone; the rules laid down as indispensable for that purpose are plain and concise, and contain such information on the subject as is requisite to the student; these instructions are followed by twenty-four characteristic studies of a very useful kind, one or two of which will tax the executive skill of the best flute players. The system Mr. Minasi has adopted of fingering the most difficult passages merits approbation, and will be found of service to the student. The studies are followed by an appendix, containing tables of the major, minor, and chromatic scales, and arpeggios (fingered where required), and scales of augmented notes and quarter tones; the latter we do not remember to have seen (formed into scales) in any work on the flute. Mr. Minasi's experience as a professor of the flute is a guarantee that "*Il piacer dello Studio*" will repay flute players for an attentive perusal; and we have no doubt the studies will prove a very useful adjunct to their daily practice. Mr. Minasi's work is intended for students of the *Nicholson flute*, and is printed in one volume, as well as in four separate books. The publisher has spared no expense in the getting up, and we cordially recommend it to the notice of the profession.

"Haydn's Oratorio, THE CREATION," in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte, Nos. 4 & 5. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO.

"Handel's Sacred Oratorio, THE MESSIAH," in vocal score, with a separate accompaniment for organ or pianoforte, Nos. 7 & 8. Arranged by VINCENT NOVELLO. S. ALFRED NOVELLO.

We have noticed in a former number of the *Musical World* these highly meritorious publications of the works of the great masters. They are, indeed, as is stated on the cover sheet, the cheapest musical publications ever offered to the public, both in respect to quality and quantity. *The Messiah* will be completed in twelve monthly parts: *The Creation* in nine. Following these master-pieces, other works of like importance will be issued in numbers, on a similar plan. Each part is sold for the small sum of sixpence, and contains sixteen pages of music, on good paper. The

size is imperial octavo, and the work is got up in an admirable manner, reflecting much credit on the proprietor, Mr. Novello. The publication must have a large sale.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OPERA LIBRETTO.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

SIR,—Every one who moves in a musical circle cannot but be struck with the great want that is felt for a publication devoting some portion of its columns to furnishing the musician and the composer with the libretto for his opera. The publisher seems to consider the subject quite unworthy of his attention, and yet the musician is every where complaining of the difficulty of procuring suitable words; while, in every other branch of literature, hundreds are striving to wind the path to popularity, it is greatly to be lamented that this alone is neglected. It was not so in the days of Sheridan, and I feel convinced were the attempt made there would be found an abundance of talent willing and ready to employ their pens in the lyrical drama. I am aware that various magazines have at times published straggling pieces of poetry for music; but unless they do so on a regular plan, little benefit can result to the musicians, and my motive in troubling you, is to call attention more directly to the subject, particularly as you have now become partly a literary magazine, allow me to offer the following suggestions:—Let a portion of your journal be devoted every week to original librettos, the author receiving (if accepted) so much per column when published; the MS. to be considered your property, with the proviso, that when it is sold to either composer, publisher of music, or theatre, the author receive a certain sum, so much per cent., but the principal profit to go to your journal. I also think a similar plan might be adopted with regard to verses—a regular list being kept at your office. It is needless for me to add how deserving I think the subject is of particular attention. As a musical critic, and one who moves among musicians, the fact that young composers are sadly in want of something of the kind must be apparent to you. How many young authors would be willing to make the attempt, if you would only say you are willing to second them; and how many young composers would strive to prove their ability if a libretto could be procured at a reasonable rate, and they had the privilege of selecting from two or three. They are both desirous of proving whether they possess talent, and yet from the fact of having no organ to proclaim their wants they both remain unoccupied. If in any way you consider these suggestions plausible, I think I can prove that they are practicable, and shall be most happy to communicate with you further on the subject. With every wish for the success of both musician and author, I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

3, Bedford Street, Bedford Square.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—M. Jullien's Concert attracted a fashionable audience, numbering nearly 900. The programme presented a *melange* of classical and instrumental music, commencing with the overture to *William Tell*, in the opening movement of which the parts allotted to five violoncellos were played by two tenors, one bassoon, and two contra-bassi, and in the *Ranz des vaches* the clarinet was substituted for the Corno Inglese; notwithstanding these exchanges, however, the overture was as brilliantly played as it possibly could be, due allowance being made for the limited strength of the orchestra, and the glaring defects of the building for musical purposes. Miss Birch was the only vocalist. She has lately infused into her style a considerable portion of animation and expression, of which she formerly had a "plentiful lack," and as her voice in its natural gifts and its mechanical management is as near an approach to perfection as may be, the result of the addition to which we have alluded may be easily surmised. Miss Birch won a rapturous and well merited encore for her graceful and clever interpretation of a pretty and graceful serenade—"Come o'er the sea,"—by Roch-Albert, in which the rippling accompaniment of the stringed instruments was extremely effective. With regard to the solo players, we need only mention their names to prove that their performance was unsurpassable; they were Richardson, flute; Collinet, flageolet; Lazarus, clarinet; König, cornet-a-pistons; Bauman, bassoon; Prospere, serpent; and Cioffi, trombone. The miscellaneous selection of Polkas, Quadrilles, and so forth, were very good in their way, but we should infinitely have preferred seeing the talents of the consummate artists composing the band employed upon materials of a more sterling and substantial character. We hear that if the needful arrangements can be completed, M. Jullien will give a grand Morning Concert about the latter end of April. He is in treaty with the celebrated Pischek to sing at a series of concerts; and should the engagement be concluded we need scarcely say that a rich treat is in store for the lovers of accomplished vocalism.—*Burrans' Worcester Journal*.

LIVERPOOL.—Sir Henry Bishop, last week, closed his lectures at the

Collegiate Institution, with a concert of vocal music, the selection being wholly from his own compositions, and comprising a large number of choice pieces from his voluminous repertory. The audience was full, fashionable, and most enthusiastic, and Sir Henry was highly delighted with his reception, as well as with the manner in which the songs, glees, &c., were executed, many of which were echoed. Each part of the entertainment commenced with an overture on the organ, ably performed by Mr. Rogers. The first was from Winter's opera of *Tamerlane*, the second, Bishop's, *the Maniac*. The principal vocalists engaged were Mrs. G. Holden, Miss Thornton, Miss Parsons, Signor Sapio, and Mr. Garstin. To enumerate all the pieces which they performed would occupy too large a portion of our space; but we may state that they were taken from *Maid Marian*, *Henri Quatre*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Haroun Alraschid*, *Miller and his Men*, *Aladdin*, *Tyrollese Peasant*, *Guy Mannering*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Cortes*, *Law of Java*, *Englishmen in India*, *Slave*, *Twelfth Night*, *Don John*, *Noble Outlaw*, *Clari*, *Romance of the Day*, and *Artaxerxes*. Miss Thornton, who, as well as Mr. Garstin, appeared before a Liverpool audience for the first time in the illustrations, to these lectures, having been specially brought from the metropolis, displayed much taste and skill, and is an excellent singer. Mrs. G. Holden sustained the reputation which she has acquired as one of our principal local professionals, and Mr. Sapio, acquitted himself very creditably, especially in the duos. Miss Parsons bids fair to rise to eminence. Mr. Garstin is but a very poor and inefficient singer; some parts of his voice are certainly not disagreeable, but it lacks equality. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can ascend as far as F, and utterly impossible for him to reach G without howling and distorting his features most unpleasantly. Why this gentleman should have been brought from London to perform a duty, which many of our resident artists are much better qualified to discharge with satisfaction to the audience, we do not know, but we are assured of this that the judgement and liberality of the Directors of the Collegiate Institution, or those to whom they entrust the management of these matters, are very sharply and seriously impugned in musical circles, and that if they continue to pursue the system that has now for some time prevailed, in reference to engagements, they will ere long become unpleasantly unpopular, and may some day or other be unable to obtain the services of the professional talent of the town, when it may be absolutely necessary to the success of their arrangements. The general impression is, that rather than give the required terms to any resident vocalist or instrumentalist they seem determined to send to Manchester, or London for inferior assistance, even though they may absolutely incur a greater expense. We know not how far this surmise may be correct, but we have occasionally noted some circumstances, which, in the absence of explanation, apparently justify the assumption. If the fact be as represented, we recommend the instant adoption of a more sensible, consistent, and proper line of conduct; if not, we shall be glad to be made instrumental in dispelling a delusion that, we regret to say, is every day becoming more confirmed and extended. We should have stated, in connexion with our notice of the performance at this concert, that the auditory, and especially the more critical portion of it, were much delighted with the style of Sir Henry Bishop's piano-forte accompaniments. Mr. Stott, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Andrews also aided in giving effect to some of the glees and choruses. Sir Henry was loudly cheered at the close of the performance.—*Liverpool Mail*.

NOTTINGHAM.—The performance of an Oratorio in Nottingham is so rare an occurrence that we felt no surprise at the anxiety and eagerness manifested by the musical public to hear Handel's "Messiah" on Monday evening, the 8th ult. On this occasion much responsibility rested upon the conductor, Mr. Henry Farmer, who had to govern with his baton a far more numerous orchestra and chorus than ever we have known to have been in Nottingham; and it is only doing him the merest justice to say that the ease, precision, learning, feeling, and energy of a true musician were evident throughout. Every lover of sacred music has, of course, heard the "Messiah" either at Exeter Hall or at one of the three great festivals, where only it has been performed on a scale commensurate with its merits; and of course vast is the difference between the 500 trained voices and instruments and the 250 amateurs (zealous and talented though they be) who meet for the second or third time in their lives. We have made these remarks merely to call attention to the variety of disadvantages under which an oratorio must be produced in a provincial town, and for which even the addition of London artists cannot wholly atone; as well as to enhance the ability displayed by an instrumental and vocal corps of which Nottingham and the neighbouring towns ought indeed to be proud. We deeply regret that pressure upon our space precludes the possibility of giving more than an outline of the performance. The Misses Williams sustained the soprano and contralto parts, and displayed all the brilliancy of execution, purity of intonation, power of expression, and intensity of feeling, for which they are famed. Mr. Marriott, of the Collegiate Church, Southwell, opened the oratorio:

evidencing the improvement resulting from his present ability to devote his whole time to the study of music. Our townsman, Mr. Baker, was the bass singer, and delivered the music allotted to him with his usual power and skill. The choruses were executed with power, and certainty; particularly "For unto us," "O thou that tellest," and "All we like sheep." "But thanks be to God" we thought scarcely so steady and brilliant as the rest. The spacious Mechanics' Hall, where the performance was given, was densely crowded.—*Nottingham Journal*.

WOODFORD.—A very excellent concert was given at the above place on Thursday evening, the 25th ult., under the direction of Mr. W. F. Bates, the pianist. Among the vocalists engaged we may mention Miss Sara Flower, Miss Messent, Mr. Mainvers, and Mr. John Parry. The instrumentalists were Mr. F. Chatterton (harp), and Mr. F. W. Bates (pianist). The performance gave great satisfaction, and was most respectfully attended.

EDINBURGH.—Madame Anna Bishop achieved another triumph on Thursday evening, in Balfe's opera, "The Maid of Artois," in which she personated Isoline. Madame Bishop's powers of execution are sustained without effort, while in the loftiest flights her exquisite taste still holds the sway. Nothing can exceed the richness and purity of her tone, which, in *legato* passages has a most delightful effect. An impassioned energy characterises her performance. The ballad, "The heart that once hath fondly teemed," was enthusiastically applauded. In the second act Madame Bishop introduces a ballad from Lavenue's opera, *Loretta*, "On the banks of the Guadalquivir," in the course of which occurs a long and brilliant shake, which she executes with surprising facility. The conclusion of this was a signal for a storm of applause, which called forth a repetition. Madame Bishop's dramatic powers were fully developed in the scene in the desert; her looks and gestures portrayed the horrors of thirst with vivid reality. The *rondo finale*, "The rapture dwelling," was the consummation of the artiste's powers, blending sweetness with brilliancy, and fire with expression. An encore was demanded amid the reiterated *bravi* of the audience, and when the curtain fell for the second time, she was again called in front, amidst the acclamations of the whole house. We were well pleased with Mr. W. H. Reeves, who performed Jules de Montagnon; Mr. Patrick Corri, who personated the Marquis de Chateau Vieux, displayed great judgment in his performance. He sang "The light of other days" very tastefully, and merited the encore he received. The subordinate parts were played very well, especially Synnelet, by Mr. Henry Corri, and Ninka, the Indian girl, by Miss H. Coveney. On Saturday evening, we had an opportunity of hearing Donizetti's comic opera, "L'Elisir d'Amore," for the first time here for many years, and in this, as in "Sonnambula" and "The Maid of Artois," the vocal powers of Madame Bishop triumphed over every difficulty. To the romance, "Oh, Elixir," she imparted all the exquisite taste and execution for which she is so distinguished. But the most striking feature in the opera was the "Grand Rondo," composed expressly for Madame Bishop, by Donizetti, at Naples. It is impossible to describe the enthusiastic encore which greeted the singing of this composition. Several of the concerted pieces were given with great effect, and loudly applauded. The character of Nemorino was ably sustained by Mr. Reeves. The Messrs. Corri also contributed to the success of the opera.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 11.

EDINBURGH.—Madame Anna Bishop made her first appearance in our theatre on Tuesday evening, in the opera of "La Sonnambula;" her reception was of the most enthusiastic description. She possesses a voice of great compass, power, and flexibility, and her fine dramatic action gives an additional charm to all her vocal efforts. In the most rapid and difficult passages she displays the results of careful study and tuition, while her cadences and shakes are given with the most delicate taste and precision. Her intonation is also perfect. The beautiful *morceau*, "Oh, love for me thy power," was given with brilliant finish and execution, and elicited rapturous applause. But the greatest triumph of the evening was the concluding solo, "Oh, don't mingle," which she gave in the original language. Such a *furor* did this create, that notwithstanding its repetition, the cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs did not subside until the curtain again rose, and it was given a third time. We have particularised these two airs, as being the principal features in the opera which are allotted to Arina, but there were many other pieces in which she sustained a part deserving of the highest encomiums. At the conclusion of the opera, the heroine of the evening, with Messrs. Reeves and Corri, made her appearance before the curtain, in compliance with the unanimous call of a delighted and numerous audience. The character of Elvino was ably sustained by Mr. Reeves, who sung the music throughout with taste. Count Rodolph was well supported by Mr. Patrick Corri, from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, who possesses an excellent voice. The characters of Liza and Annette found good representatives in Miss Aldridge and Miss Harriet Coveney. The choruses were well sustained. Last night the opera was repeated, and with even greater success than on the previous evening.—*Ibid* March 11.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Templeton gave his third entertainment yesterday evening in the Music Hall. The galleries were crowded, and a numerous audience occupied the centre of the room. The finest effort of the evening was "All is lost now," which Mr. Templeton gave with much pathetic feeling and graceful expression, while he sang the aria, "Still so gently o'er me stealing," with natural grandeur and ardent emotion. All the songs in the programme were greeted with hearty applause, while several encores were enthusiastically demanded, and which Mr. Templeton readily complied with.—*Caledonian Mercury*, March 11.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Bunn's annual benefit took place on Monday evening, and, as a matter of consequence, Drury Lane was crowded to excess in every part. This seems the only public occasion, during the season, which presents itself to the friends and admirers of the Napoleon of *Impresarii* to pay him homage and respect. Simply, we may say, Mr. Bunn is richly deserving of the greatest public support. To musical England especially has he proved himself not only its *Mæcenas*, but its Prometheus. The metaphor may be far-fetched; but who can deny that Mr. Bunn has created a national opera for England; has brought to light new composers, who, but for him, most probably, would have handed their MSS. over to the cheeseman; and has infused a new hope among musical men that their compositions shall not lie fallow. May not Mr. Bunn, therefore, be entitled the Prometheus of Music—at least for Drury, and that is something. The entertainments of Monday night consisted of *The Bondman*, in which Balfe's delicious melodies were heard with renewed delight; followed by a selection of vocal music; to which was added a *Pas de Danse*; whereupon ensued the favourite interlude *Popping the Question*; subsequently a performance by the veritable Ethiopian Serenaders; the whole concluding with *The Waterman*, in which Mr. Braham supported his original part of Tom Tug. The great feature of the evening was certainly Braham's appearance, which appeared to have thrown the audience into hysterics of delight. Such a reception has seldom startled the walls of any theatre, as that which hailed our old favourite on Monday night. The moment he appeared, "that's Braham," seemed to issue telegraphically from every mouth—simple words, which, ere they were pronounced, were drowned in the sudden tempest-blast of human voices that followed. A more unanimous applause we never listened to. Old and young, those who had heard, and those who never could have heard the great artist, but felt tempestuous from sympathy; the grave and gay, those who seldom vociferated, and those who seldom do anything else but vociferate at a theatre; the critic and the amateur; the professor and the scholar; the artist and the lover, all joined in making their vocal powers instrumental in paying their favourite the heartiest homage and tribute. Mr. Braham seemed quite overcome by their manifestations of enthusiasm, and was obliged to pause before he could commence his song. His appearance was no less hailed with applause in the after-piece. Mr. Harley was received with continued acclamations in a favourite melody, which he sang in his usual vivaciously comic mode. Mr. Bunn was called for at the end of the opera, and made a pithy and pointed speech in reference to his position with regard to Drury Lane and the public. He was hailed with immense cheers. The performances did not conclude till late. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured the theatre last night with their presence, on which occasion *The Bondman*, was commanded for performance, and Marietta Baderna won golden opinions in the *Cachoucha*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Since our last notice we have had *Casanova*, or *Le Fort St. Andre*, in which M. Lafont and Mlle. Fargueil

have both appeared and played with their usual skill and discretion. The title of the above-named piece boded more laxity of morals and looseness of intrigue than is usually admitted in England, and we were not deceived in our expectations. We cannot conceive what possessed the author to adopt such a title, or to seek for his subject-matter in a biography of doubtful authenticity in the first place, and even if this point be conceded totally devoid of wit and humour. We remember seeing at the Adelphi, some twelve years ago, it may be more, a piece founded on the novel of *Faust*, softened down it is true, yet preserving much of the salt of the original composition, which, however faulty in other respects, has at least the advantage of invention, raciness, and causticity. In *Casanova* we find nothing of the sort, and the people of this theatre, who occasionally express an opinion of their own, testified it most unequivocally on Friday week last, so much so, that we have no fear of a repetition of it. Although of some length, the piece is composed of very slight materials. *Casanova* is a bold dragoon—a man *à bonnes fortunes*, who makes love to every woman he meets; he is on the opening of the piece confined in a state prison for some political offence, and here he intrigues first with the governor's wife, then with the gaoler's niece, and lastly with the *fiancée* of his own friend; throwing at the same time the husband, the bridegroom, and the lover of the several fair ones into all the horrors of jealousy, and the ladies themselves into a complete state of mystification. On receiving the news of his enlargement, which promises a wider field for his amorous adventures, he takes unceremonious leave of the whole party, allowing them to make up matters as best they can. Lafont was excellent as the military Lothario; his acting was easy and went far to save the piece from the most unequivocal and merited damnation; Mademoiselle Fargueil, as the little *Grisette*, was full of vivacity and sprightliness. We may say, *en passant*, that these are the parts best adapted to the lady's capabilities, as *Jeanneton*, in *Pierre le Rouge*, and in this part, in *Casanova*, we shall be borne out and justified in our opinion. The reason is simply that in such parts as these she is more natural, she is herself: whilst in *Mathilde*, in the *Demon de la Nuit*, and similar parts, she affects a preciseness of language, an over-refinement of pronunciation, which almost degenerates into affectation. We should like to know why *démon* is pronounced *diémon*—*mari miarri*—and *ami iamm*, &c. &c. We could multiply our examples of her affectation, which destroys the effect of a superior talent by subjecting it to ridicule. *Le Roi des Frontins*, in two acts, was the vehicle for the debut of Monsieur Alcide Tousez. We have seen him in two of his principal parts, in that already mentioned on Friday, and in *La Sœur de Jocrisse*, on Monday last. In comparing him with our English actors, we think that he has many points of resemblance with Mr. Keeley, or perhaps a compound of him and Mr. Buckstone. In these two pieces he performed parts diametrically the antithesis of each other. In the *Roi des Frontins*, in two acts, he played the part of a rustic bumpkin, who becomes a gentleman's valet, and, by his shrewdness, is so successful in extricating his master from innumerable scrapes and difficulties, that he obtains the *soubriquet* of king of valets; the actor making the combination of nature, mother-wit, and clownish manners excessively amusing. In the *Sœur de Jocrisse* on the contrary, he is a simple, matter of fact lad, who contrives to turn everything topsy-turvy in the house where he has been admitted as a servant, through the intercession of his sister. He knocks the buttons off his master's coat, leaves his watch at the Hotel de Ville, when sent to set it by the clock, lets the parrot escape, and wonders that a cat has taken its place in the cage; and in a capital scene endeavours to persuade his master that the bird has undergone a complete metamorphosis. He breaks the vases; lights a candle with a marriage settlement, prepared by his master, who is about to wed a lady more interested than loving; by his insinuations and *gaucheries* breaks off the marriage, and eventually brings about a match between his master and sister. M. Alcide Tousez displayed much native imbecility, and drew down shouts of laughter. He was called for after the piece. Mademoiselle Fouquet also did her part with much vivacity and intelligence. She is a most useful little person, and evinces signs of manifest improvement. We may also mention that M. Lafont again drew down shouts of laughter in the *Deux Brigadiers* on Monday week, and in *Un Mari qui se Dérange*, on Wednesday

week last. On Friday, the 12th, was produced a most pleasing little *Comedie-Vaudeville* in two acts, entitled the *Lectrice*. The plot is of the most simple description, but was peculiarly interesting to us from the excellent acting bestowed on their parts by Mademoiselle Fargueil and M. Cartigny. They were so simple, so unexaggerated, so natural, so much at home, that we almost forgot we were at the theatre. M. Cartigny in the old French officer, we mean English officer, was perfection, although there certainly was more of the Frenchman than the Englishman about him. His principal amusement is to hear the works of the great French poets read to him; this office is performed by Caroline, who, by her gentleness and unassuming manners, has inspired the old invalid with the most sincere affection and gratitude towards her. While in this situation, she meets a young officer named Sir Arthur, and, in a scene of mutual recognition, we learn her whole history. She is the daughter of the old gentleman with whom she lives; married by him to an old man whom she could not love, she had attracted the admiration of Sir Arthur, then a gay and thoughtless youth, whose attempts to obtain a nocturnal interview having been discovered, had blasted her reputation, and caused her husband's death. In this distress, she had sought admission as a stranger into her father's family, had obtained it, and endeavours to sooth the old man's sorrow by her devotion and filial piety. Her lover now does his utmost to make amends for the harm he had unintentionally done, explains the whole transaction, vindicates her innocence, and obtains her hand from her delighted father. This story is so well told, so homely in all its details, so free from false sentiment and conceit, that it met with the most cordial reception. We may particularly mention the scene in which the veteran recognises his daughter's innocence, and is reconciled to her, as in no ordinary degree affecting. *Tiridate* is a trifle intended to exhibit the actress's talent both in the tragic and comic line; but in the present instance we cannot unreservedly commend her efforts. Mademoiselle Fargueil did the part of *La Dumemil* most charmingly in some respects, but in the whole failed. She looked the part well, but in the scene, evidently intended by the author to be a most serious one, where she plays the heroine in the young gentleman's tragedy, she elicited more laughter than was welcome to classical ears. In that intended by the great actress, we mean *La Dumemil*, to disgust the young poet with theatres and actresses, she was coarse without descending to vulgarity, and entered fully into the spirit of the part. On the whole we do not like the piece itself, in spite of the excellent acting of M. Cartigny, who, although he has a most decided contempt for creatures *de cette espèce*, as he calls theatrical people, blubbered most heartily in the pathetic parts. There is but one good scene in it, which is the last. Mlle. Vallée was also seen to great advantage, and played with much *finesse*. We are sorry that M. Alcide Tousez is suffering from severe cold, so that much of the effect he would otherwise produce is lost; his enunciation, at all times imperfect and indistinct, is now perfectly unintelligible. M. Lafont has been delighting his hearers with *Les deux Brigadiers* and *Un Mari qui se Dérange*, pieces which will bear seeing several times. On Wednesday Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Albert were present, and, instead of the two new pieces underlined on Monday, we had a repetition of *Pierre le Rouge* and *Lekain*. The house was well attended on this occasion, and we were so much the more pleased as it in a great measure proved the high esteem in which M. Lafont is held in England. We need not enter into any details of a performance which we have already noticed at great length; there was the same quiet, easy, gentlemanly carriage and manners which have made this actor a universal favorite.

J. DE C.—E.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

There was nothing new on Saturday, *Lucia* and *Coralie* keeping their places in the bills. On Tuesday the same opera and ballet were presented. On both occasions the houses were excellent, and the performers were honoured with distinguished applause.

On Thursday evening, "long Thursday" was kept religiously, and none of its festivities omitted. The entertainments were varied in such a manner as to combine most of the strength of Mr. Lumley's company. There were also novelties

of unusual interest:—for example, Gardoni's first appearance in a new character, and that character Elvino, which must, perforce, induce comparison between the young tenor and his celebrated predecessors, Mario and Rubini; and a new ballet by M. Paul Taglioni, inventor of the graceful *Coralie*. Besides these, some fragments of *Lucia*, with Fraschini, and the national *pas de deux* called *La Slavonienne*, first made known to the public by Mdle. Rosati and M. Paul Taglioni, on the preceding Thursday.

The *Lucia* fragments may be dismissed at once, with the proviso that what we advanced last week, in respect of Signor Fraschini's merits and demerits, we have found no reason to modify. He has a magnificent voice, but he is deficient in style, and his method is not good enough to ensure a perfect command of the endowments with which nature has so prodigally favoured him. Our duty towards the *Slavonienne*, no less, may be discharged with a reference to our article of last week, in which we rendered due justice to its not very transcendent merits.

The opera of *La Sonnambula* demands more attention at our hands, and the pleasure we derived from its performance renders our task of criticism less unwelcome than we are but too often disposed to find it. Without further preliminary, then, we may state that those who have not heard Gardoni in Elvino, have not had it in their power to accord full justice to his talent. Rubini and Mario fresh in the memory, we listened to the new comer with unalloyed satisfaction. Those who objected that his voice lacked power, must have been well convinced of their error, by the powerful intensity with which the famous *scena* of the second act, especially the *aria*, was delivered. We were not at all astonished at the sensation it created. The auditors were taken by surprise; but the instant surprise let them loose again, they gave uninterrupted vent to their feelings of admiration. Following Mario's example, Gardoni transposed this *aria* a semitone. Rubini himself, the original, was rarely in condition to sing it as Bellini wrote it, in D flat; and what Rubini could not always do, must be for ever a despair to other vocalists, a consideration which easily laid at rest our invariable repugnance to transpositions. In the other parts of the opera, Gardoni was equally successful; and it may safely be assumed that he is now established as a *primo tenore* in every respect worthy of Her Majesty's Theatre. Already, in so few nights, he has managed to win a larger share of favour than is allotted to the great majority of artistes; and it is not unreasonable to prophesy that he will very shortly take a place in public estimation by the side of the most renowned of the foreign vocalists, without even one exception. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was encored in the *aria*, repeatedly applauded during the opera, and recalled more than once upon the stage. In short, the warmest friend of Signor Gardoni could scarcely have hoped for him a more decided success. We must also praise his acting, which was easy and unobtrusive, graceful and prepossessing, and, when the situation required, full of energy and pathos. Madame Castellan's Amina is well-known to the public, and our opinion thereon has been presented to our readers on various occasions. We were more pleased with it on Thursday than we have ever been before, and were convinced anew of the improvement which we noticed in our last. Perhaps, however, if the fair singer would slightly modify her taste for excessive displays of ornament, the value of her delicious voice would be more sensibly appreciated. We readily admit her facility, but we so greatly admire her *cantabile* singing, that we should like to hear a little more of it. As for the audience, they were delighted with all she did, and ap-

plauded her most liberally; it is therefore, perhaps, somewhat hypocritical on our parts to carp at a performance which afforded such undivided pleasure to others.

One line must chronicle our satisfaction with the manner in which Frederick Lablache sustained the part of Rudolfo, so important in much of the concerted music. Nothing could be more able than his singing, or more agreeable and natural than his acting. We should like to see this excellent artist much oftener. It is ill-judged on the part of the management to dispense with his services in favour of others so much his inferiors.

We are tired of praising Balfe;—and yet on every new occasion we find reason to congratulate the management on the possession of so zealous and active a servant. With deference to the *Morning Chronicle*, which, in the fever of partisanship, forgets to speak the truth, we never heard the choruses and orchestral accompaniments to the *Sonnambula* so well executed at Her Majesty's Theatre, often as we have heard the opera. The pretty chorus in the *finale* to the first act was sung with admirable precision, and the *pianos* were attained to perfection. The orchestra is getting more and more under Balfe's control, and every new performance affords us fresh proof of his generalship. In thus pronouncing an opinion so directly opposite to that of our indefatigable contemporary, we are quite at ease; since the judgment we offer is a purely musical one, for which we depend upon an ear not altogether uncultivated, and an education which has enabled us to acquire the knowledge of several facts with the existence of which we have much doubt if he be acquainted.

It remains to speak of the new ballet, which must (until next week) be shortly dismissed. *Thea, ou la Fête aux Fleurs* is a *divertissement* in one act, divided into two *tableaux*. A more graceful subject, or a fitter vehicle for scenic and choregraphic effects, was never turned to stage account. The story rests upon the love of a certain Prince Hassan for flowers, which reaches such a height that he neglects even his favourite mistress, Thea, who can no longer afford him pleasure, so absorbed is he in the pursuit of his floral amours. Thea, in despair, implores the aid of the Flower Fairy, who being a benignant supernatural, accords it. Thea is changed by the fairy's power into a rose-tree. The rose-bud attracts Prince Hassan's attention more than any plant in his garden. He plucks a rose from its branches, when lo! the Flower Fairy appears, and the whole garden is animated with spirits, decked in the colours and petals of different flowers. The Fairy reproaches Prince Hassan for his conduct, threatening him with punishment for having plucked the rose. The Prince implores her pardon, which she accords on condition that he will consent to marry the rose-tree—to which the Prince, being as enamoured as ever was the Italian prisoner of his Picciola, gladly assents. The rose-tree, assuming coyness, works the Prince into a madness of desire, but at length appears to receive his addresses with favour—when lo! the branches fade away into thin air, and the beautiful form of Thea, his faithful and neglected mistress, stands erect before him, silently reproaching him for his inconstancy. All his old love returns, and, at the command of the Flower Fairy, the Prince and Thea are united; and so the story ends.

The scenic effects to which this ballet gives occasion, are as new as they are beautiful. Mr. Marshall has outshone himself on this occasion. The last *tableau* is as fanciful in its way as that in *Coralia*, the combinations being floral instead of aquatic. We never witnessed a more exquisite illusion of colour played upon by light. The dresses were equally picturesque. The groupings displayed the *corps de ballet* to

wonderful advantage; and the principal dances were of the first quality. Mdle. Rosati performed in such a manner as to place herself among the queens of choregraphic art, and Marie Taglioni crowned her virgin brow with new laurels. The ballet, in short, created a *furor*. But we must reserve all detail till our next. Meanwhile, we congratulate Mr. Lumley on the continued evidences of his spirit, and discrimination, of his liberality and regardlessness of outlay, which cannot fail of sustaining him in the high position he has assumed since the beginning of his management. Let him go on thus, and he may set competition at defiance.

HANDEL'S BELSHAZZAR.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last evening, Handel's oratorio, *Belshazzar*, was produced at Exeter Hall, for the first time, by the Society. The importance of the work itself, and the consideration of its first representation, warrant us, in our present circumscription of time and space, in deferring a more accurate and analytic notice till our next number. Meanwhile, we shall merely take account of the principal vocalists, and the general impression the oratorio made on the audience. The leading vocalists, therefore, were the Misses Birch, M. B. Hawes, and the Messrs. H. Phillips, J. Howe, Bodda, and Manvers. As a first performance, we may state that the oratorio was satisfactorily given, the principal singers acquitting themselves with much credit, and the chorus, generally speaking, upholding their character as efficient interpreters of this very arduous department of vocal interpretation. The general feeling left upon our minds is, that Handel's *Belshazzar* is by no means one of his greatest works, and that the music is elaborate and heavy, rarely indicating the great composer's highest moments of inspiration. We shall, however, enter into this subject at more length, and with more care, in our ensuing number.

M. JULLIEN.

This enterprising and spirited conductor has returned to London for a few days, after amassing large sums of money from his indefatigable exertions in the provinces. Truly may it be said, "*We have but one JULLIEN.*" He has given universal delight in most of the principal towns in England, and will leave the metropolis for a second tour next week.

CONCERTS.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERTS.—On Tuesday evening, the fourth of the series of these excellent and well-conducted entertainments was held in Sussex Hall, and attracted a tolerably crowded assemblage of visitors. The concert was confined entirely to vocal *morceaux*, comprising songs, ballads, duets, trios, glees, quartets, comic songs and scenas. The ball was opened with Balfe's beautiful quatuor, "*Lo! the early beam of morning,*" sung with good effect by the Misses M. O'Connor and Felton, and the Messrs H. Phillips and F. Smith. Next, Mr. Genge gave a song of Blewitt's nicely, and Miss A. Williams one of Auber's charmingly; and then Mr. H. Phillips gave, by particular desire, Dibdin's "*Sailor's Journal,*" with admirable spirit, which was rapturously applauded; and following the sea-song came the duet-sisters, whom every one knows without further naming, and sang a duet very prettily and artistically; and anon, Mr. F. Smith treated the then inmates of Sussex Hall to a second edition of Henry Russell, singing that gentleman's "*Gambler's Wife*" so as to create a great sensation in the room, especially when the clock struck; and subsequently Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Sharp, Mr. W. G. Percival, Miss Barwick, and the artistes aforesaid, aided and abetted in rendering the concert conformable to the highest expectations of all who pledged their faith to the promises of the GRAND POPULAR CONCERTS.

CONCERT FOR MR. KEARNS' FAMILY.—The entertainment held in the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, to assist the widow and family of Mr. Kearns, was of such a kind and character as to attract a denser audience than is often witnessed within these rooms. All the musical professors of note in London, with few exceptions, lent their aid on this occasion to render the entertainment worthy of the patronage of the public, and as a last, though poor memento of their respect and love for one of the most venerated and amiable of all their confraternity. All the principal native vocalists, all such as could escape from their dramatic and other necessitated duties, came and lifted up their voices in the cause of charity. The orchestra, conducted by Signor Costa, numbered eighty; there were ten solo instrumentalists, twenty-five solo singers, and the whole of the members of the Choral Fund attended. We have not room to particularize each *morceau*. We may, however, notice a few performances that stood out prominently from the rest. These were the overture to *Oberon*, finely executed and encored; Bach's concerto for three pianos, which, in the hands of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Sterndale Bennett, was splendidly interpreted; the exquisite aria from *Tito*, "Non più di fiori," which was given by Madame G. Macfarren in a style to cause us to believe that Mozart's music, *et hoc genus omne*, is decidedly her forte; and Beethoven's grand symphony in D. The concert of Wednesday evening reflected the highest credit on all parties concerned, whether it be the conductor who volunteered his eminent services, the professors and artists who aided, or the public who thronged in crowds in aid of so benevolent a purpose. In addition to the money paid for tickets by the visitors, we are informed that a handsome amount has been realized by donations. We trust the subscriptions will not cease before the widow and children will be removed from all fear of a lapse into indigence.

MADAME DULCKEN'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—Madame Dulcken commenced a series of morning performances of classical piano-forte music on Wednesday, at her residence in Harley Street. The concert was interspersed with some vocal pieces, executed by Mr. Harrison, Madame G. Macfarren, and Miss A. Loder, the latter lady making on this occasion her first appearance in public. Mad. Dulcken executed compositions of Beethoven; Handel and Scarlatti, with her usual taste and brilliancy, and was supported in a quartett of Weber's by Messrs Willy, Weslake and Hausmar. The fair pianist also introduced specimens of modern authors. In the vocal section we have particularly to notice Madame G. Macfarren's singing two charming songs with great expression and purity. These songs were, "The First Day of Spring," by G. A. Macfarren, a composition fraught with the deepest poetic feeling; and the "Chloe in Sickness," of Sterndale Bennett, a very delicious canzonet, plaintive and melodious. The rooms were full and fashionably attended.

CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—A concert was given on Tuesday evening at Johnson's Assembly Rooms, Doctors' Commons, and went off excellently, the room being tolerably full. The performances consisted of Onslow's quintett, No. 4, in G minor; Mozart's quartett, No. 10, in D; Spohr's duet for violin and viola; Onslow's quintett, No. 5, in D; and Beethoven's quartett, No. 6, in B flat. The executants were Messrs. H. Blagrove, Webb, Weslake, Hancock, and C. Severn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—At the Edinburgh theatre, on one occasion in which Miss Faucit appeared as Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*, a rather untoward accident occurred near the close of the performances. A man, named Macdonald, a printer, who appears to have been top-heavy, fell over the front of the upper gallery into the pit, a height of about thirty feet. His fall was broken by alighting between two gentlemen, who were but slightly injured, and the man himself was taken to the Royal Infirmary, where it was found that he had sustained no very serious hurt. —*Glasgow Post*.

MANCHESTER.—(From a Correspondent)—Hargreave's Choral Society.—By a paragraph in the *Guardian*, it appears that Dr. Mendelssohn has accepted the engagement offered to him by the directors of the Hargreave Concerts, to conduct

the performance of his last oratorio, *Elijah*. We understand he is engaged also to conduct two performances of it at Exeter Hall—one on Friday the 16th April, the other on the Friday following, the 23rd; betwixt which dates the next concert of the Hargreave's Society must be held, we believe, Tuesday the 20th. The principal vocalists are not yet engaged; but will, most likely, if practicable, be the same engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The musical folks in Manchester are on the tiptoe of expectation, that a musical treat of no ordinary character is in store for them. We trust the solo performances will be in the hands of first-rate artists. We should like to hear Staudigl, Lockey, and Miss Birch—all, however, depends on circumstances. The Harmonic Society and the Hargreave's, too, will be sure to secure the best available talent; and we hope that the production of *Elijah* in Manchester will fully satisfy the subscribers for any former shortcoming; and that it will redound to the credit, as well as extend the means, of the Hargreave Choral Society.

[We may add to the above, that *Elijah* will be given in Dublin immediately after its performance at Manchester. Mendelssohn will attend on both occasions. The principal singers will be Miss Birch (in place of Madame Caradori), Miss Dolby, for whom the contralto part was intended by the composer, in place of Miss Hawes, with Herr Staudigl, and the Lockey, who were engaged in the first representation at with Birmingham festival.—Ed.]

HULLAH'S TESTIMONIAL FUND.—The last concert of this series will take place at Exeter Hall on Monday, the 19th of April, not the 12th, as stated by mistake in our last.

MADAME LUTZER, the celebrated German *prima donna*, will pay a visit to London in the first week of April. She has appointed Mr. Albert Schloss as the agent of her engagements in this country.

MADAME BISHOP concludes her engagement this week in Edinburgh. On the 22d she appears in *Sonnambula* at Bristol; on the 23d ditto at Bath; 25th at Bath, morning performance, the *Maid of Artois*; and the same evening!!! same opera at Bristol—good work this. On the 26th Madame Bishop will perform in *Anna Bolena* at Bristol, and on the 27th ditto at Bath. On the 6th of April the fair cantatrice gives two concerts at Exeter, and proceeds soon after to Dublin to fulfil her second engagement.

MR. J. CARTE, the celebrated flute-player, continues to give his weekly concerts at Greenwich. On Monday last we attended for the first time, and were much pleased throughout with the entertainments. Among the artists engaged for that night, we noticed Miss Solomon, Mr. Manvers, Mr. F. Chatterton, and Madame G. Macfarren. Mr. Carte received immense applause for his performance on the flute, and Miss Dolby and Madame G. Macfarren divided with him the applause of the evening, for the charming and artistic manner in which they interpreted some vocal *morceaux*. The rest of the performers also came in for their share of acclamation.

MADAME KNISPEN, the vocalist, has arrived in London for the season.

MR. HAUSMANN, the eminent violoncellist, has returned to town, after making a successful provincial tour with JULIEN.

A GRAND BALL is announced to take place on Wednesday, April 7, at Willis's Rooms, in aid of the distressed Irish. The ball will be given under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. Ollivier's quadrille band of twenty first-rate performers, under the direction of Mr. F. G. Tinnye, will attend. It is to be

hoped that the ball will be well attended. For terms see advertisement page.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A very splendid entertainment of vocal and instrumental music will be given at this theatre on Tuesday evening, March 30, by that most enterprising and energetic of all concert-givers, Mr. Allcroft. The principals in the vocal department, already announced, consist of Mesdames Albertazzi and F. Lablache; the Misses Birch, E. Birch, Steele, Rainforth, Poole, Hill, Sabilla Novello, and M. B. Hawes; together with the Messrs. Harrison, Travers, H. Phillips, F. Lablache, Brizzi, Allcroft, Guibilei, and H. Russell. The instrumental section comprises the names of Madame Dulcken, Mr. Richardson, and Herr Joachim, as soloists. We are delighted to announce the coming of the latter admirable young artist, whose performances on the violin are hardly surpassed by any living executant. The orchestra will be numerous and select. Some startling novelties will be provided. The celebrated Ethiopian Serenaders, who have been creating an immense sensation for some time past at the St. James's Theatre, will make their *début* at the Haymarket. Sixteen eminent pianists, and eight celebrated harpists, will execute a new grand *Morceau de Concert*, arranged expressly for this occasion: and, to crown all, selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be introduced; and the entertainments will conclude with the prayer from the *Mosé in Egitto*, interpreted by the entire vocal corps. If this be not the concert of concerts, we know not what is. Mr. Roberts will attend as leader, and the conductors will be the Messrs. Negri, Lavenue, and T. G. Reed. Altogether, a more spirited scheme we have never ante-dated; and we have no doubt that Mr. Allcroft will meet with all the success he so well merits.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.—The next meeting of this society is announced for Monday, the 22nd inst. The scheme includes Haydn's "Second Mass;" Spohr's cantata, "Christian Prayer," Mendelssohn's overture to the "Isles of Fingal," and Romberg's "Song of the Bell." We shall do our best to attend this classical gathering.

Mr. HENRY SMART, the talented organist of St. Luke's Church, Middlesex, is actively engaged in the formation of an efficient choir, for the performance of the full cathedral service at morning and evening worship at that church. A meeting of the parishioners was held some time since, to decide on the advisability of making so great a change in the mode of celebrating divine worship, when not only was the unanimous feeling in favour of such alteration, as conducive to an increased degree of devotion, but the necessary funds for carrying the contemplated improvement into effect, were voted with the greatest cordiality. This is another instance of the progress of musical feeling, and we have little doubt but that for the opposition to the further introduction of music in our church services, so strenuously exerted in high quarters, this example would be extensively followed. Mr. Smart has secured the services of two gentlemen from Lancashire, of considerable musical talent, for his first tenor and bass; and having selected from amongst the boys attached to the national schools, those whose voices and abilities gave promise of success, has, for some time past, been pursuing with them a rigid course of instruction, resulting in the formation of a choir of boys which, we have no doubt, in time will be equal to any in the metropolis. The cathedral service will be performed, for the first time, on Easter Sunday.

ABBEY GLEE CLUB.—This club, which has been established upwards of half a century, and includes, among its members, several of our best glee singers, gave its eighth soirée, on Thursday evening, in the large room of the Crown and Anchor

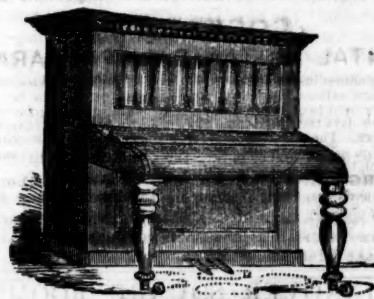
Tavern, to a crowded audience. The selection comprised a variety of glees by Calcott, T. Cooke, Goss, Arne, Bishop, Webbe, Stevens, &c., which were well performed. We would especially commend the excellent manner in which T. Cooke's glee, "Shades of the Heroes," was rendered. The Misses Williams assisted with their charming voices and cultivated style in passing off the evening most pleasantly. They sang together Hatton's duet, "Two Laughing Fairies," which elicited an encore, and also the duet from Benedict's *Crusaders*, "The ties of Friendship." Miss A. Williams sang, moreover, the song from the *Siren*, in a manner peculiarly her own, and which always commands an encore. Some two or three German glees were introduced, but were not so effectively performed as those of the authors we have above-named. Among them were "Maying," by Müller, and "Lutzw's Wild Hunt," by Weber. This collection of glees, which are published periodically, under the name of "Orpheus," are formed on a very different model to our English glees, and require in themselves a peculiar style of singing, which we have heard but rarely attained. A few years since, Mr. Henry Smart organised a small private society for the especial study of this class of composition, which arrived at a considerable degree of perfection, but we believe the society is now extinct. A m.s. glee, by Mr. J. Howe, was well sung, and the composition in itself contains many good points. Mr. Coward played a fantasia, by Alexander Fesca, on the piano, evincing a tolerable acquaintance with the instrument, and the performance of each part concluded with madrigals by Converso and Beale, which were neatly and effectively sung.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTITIA.—We have received our correspondent's letter but not the notice alluded to. We shall be glad to hear thereupon from JUSTITIA. Mr. J. N. SPORLE'S and MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S CONCERTS will be noticed in our next.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Warren's 20 Guinea Cottage Piano-Fortes



ARE NOW SELLING AT THE
Manufactory, 71, Leadenhall Street

(Removed from 1 and 2, Liverpool Street, Bishopsgate Street.)

These Instruments are well manufactured of the best seasoned wood, **FINE FULL TONE AND GOOD TOUCH.** A two years warranty given with each instrument. **ESTABLISHED TWENTY-ONE YEARS.** The only house in London where a good sound instrument can be obtained at the above low price, (for cash only). **SMALL PROFIT AND QUICK RETURNS!**
JOHN WARREN, 71, Leadenhall St., opposite Aldgate Pump.

PIANOFORTES.

Parties in want of a really good **PIANOFORTE**, at a moderate price, will do well to call at

J. C. JONES AND CO.'s,

2, Hawway-street, Oxford-street, a few doors on the right from Tottenham-court-road, who, from their intimate acquaintance with every kind of instrument made, have endeavoured to combine the separate good qualities of each with all the latest improvements, therefore for tone, touch, durability, and appearance these instruments are not to be surpassed at the price.

Instruments tuned, repaired, exchanged, and lent on hire.
Tuning by the year, one guinea. Second-hand Pianos, from 3 to 30 guineas.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN,

Established for the purpose of rendering a more perfect performance of the

LYRIC DRAMA

Than has hitherto been attained in this country.
 UNDER THE DIRECTION AND MANAGEMENT OF MR. BEALE.
 The Nobility, Gentry, and Patrons of Music, are respectfully informed, that the

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

Will Open the First Week in April.

Prospectuses to be had at the Box-office, Bow Street; at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street; and at all the Libraries.

GOOD PIANOFORTES CHEAP.

The large and valuable STOCK of PIANOFORTES manufactured by

ZEITTER & CO.,

IS NOW SELLING OFF,

At 4, New Cavendish Street, Portland Place, London,

In consequence of a Dissolution of Partnership. The Instruments, consisting of mahogany and rosewood Grands, Semi-Grands, Cabinet, Cottage, and Piccolos, are made with the patent Sounding-Board, Metallic Plate, Check Action, and all the latest improvements. The Pianofortes made by ZEITTER and Co. have always enjoyed a preference among the nobility and gentry, having been honored with the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, the Duchess of Sutherland, &c. The peculiar construction of the Sounding-Board insures their greater durability and the firm tone is well known. Parties desirous of possessing one of these superior Instruments, may now purchase the same on very advantageous terms, Grands, heretofore from 120 to 145 Guineas, are now selling at £30 to £70, and others in proportion. The premises No. 5 have been recently closed.

MESSIEURS. DISTIN,

The original and unrivalled Performers on the
SAX HORNS AND SAX TUBAS,
 Will give their

Popular Concerts,

Assisted by Miss O'CONNOR, Mr. WELLS, and Mr. W. S. ROCKSTRO, as follows:—

CROYDON, March 22nd; KENNINGTON, 23rd. They will perform also at NATIONAL HALL, 25th; MANCHESTER 29th, 30th, and 31st, and April 1st and 3rd; BOLTON, April 5th; WARRINGTON, 6th and 7th; LANCASTER, 8th; GREENWICH, 12th; STORE STREET, 14th; SUSSEX HALL, 15th; BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, 26th.

N.B. Cornets, Sax Horns, Sax Tubas, Mouthpieces, &c., to be had at DISTIN'S Musical Repository, 31, Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square.

FAIR COMPLEXION.

Under the Patronage of the Nobility and Gentry.

TO THE LADIES.—Wonderful and Important Discovery.

COCKBURN'S

ORIENTAL BOTANICAL PREPARATION,

For removing almost instantaneously cutaneous eruptions, freckles, pimples, spots, and other discolorations of the skin. After one application of the Botanic Extract, which must be used twice a day, a wonderful change will be perceived, and in the course of a few days the complexion will assume a beautiful transparent roseate hue appearance. The extract to apply is of the most agreeable nature, and the first application will prove its wonderful efficacy. Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the sole proprietor,

GEORGE H. J. COCKBURN, 9, Aldgate, London;
 And Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street, London; in bottles at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. each; also by Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; Keating, St. Paul's Church Yard; Johnson, 68, Cornhill; Hannay and Co., 63, Oxford street; Butler and Co., 4, Cheapside; Edwards, St. Paul's Churchyard; Prout, 229, Strand; and of all other Chemists and Perfumers in the kingdom.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT

Begs to announce that his

Third Performance of Classical Pianoforte Music

Will be held in the above Rooms,

On TUESDAY EVENING, the 23rd instant,

On which occasion he will be assisted by several eminent Vocal and Instrumental artists. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, half-a-Guinea each, may be had at Mr. BENNETT'S residence, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square and at all the Music Shops.

HERR FISCHER

Has the honor to announce that he

WILL ARRIVE IN LONDON

For the Season, on

MONDAY, May 10th,

Letters addressed to HERR FISCHER, at JULLIEN and Co.'s, 214, REGENT STREET, will be attended to.

Hanover Square Rooms.

Miss DINAH FARMER'S CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 22ND.

Principals—Miss Rainforth, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Cubitt, Miss M. A. Ley, Mrs. W. H. Weiss, Messrs. D. W. King, T. Williams, W. H. Weiss, J. A. Novello, Stretton and Leffer. Pianoforte, Miss Dinah Farmer; Violin, Mr. Blagrove; Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton; Concertina, Mr. Rd. Blagrove; Horn, Mr. Jarret; Oboe, Mr. Gratton Cooke; Flute, Mr. Richardson; with a Band and Chorus of 150 performers. Tickets, 2s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of the principal Music Sellers, or of Miss Farmer, 5, North Crescent, Bedford Square.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN BALL,

In Aid of the Funds for the Destitute Irish.

Under the Immediate Patronage of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, &c., &c.

Will be held at

Willis' Rooms, King Street, St. James',

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7th, 1847.

Double Tickets, One Guinea; Ladies Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Gentlemen's Tickets, Fifteen Shillings, including Refreshments throughout the evening. Vouchers may be obtained of the Ladies Patroness, and Patrons, the Members of the Committee, the Stewards, at Willis' Rooms, or of the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary.



PIANOFORTES FOR SALE.

A very superior and powerful toned 6½ Octave Rosewood COTTAGE, by Zeitter and Co., with metallic string plate, check action, &c., cost 60 guineas a short time since, and will now be sold for half that sum; an elegant Rosewood Semi-CABINET, 6½ octaves, with all the latest improvements, only 35 guineas; a COTTAGE, 14 guineas; a 6-OCTAVE SQUARE, by Broadwood, with metallic spring plate, only £18, cost 22 guineas; a 54 DUETO, &c. Also, a variety of new and improved CABINET, COTTAGE, and PICCOLO PIANOFORTES, from 25 guineas each. Packed free of expense.

C. SCOTCHER,

(from Collard and Collard's), 60, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.
 PIANOFORTES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

TO THE MUSIC PROFESSION.

"NASSAU STEAM PRESS,"

AND

PUBLISHING OFFICE,

60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

Every description of CONCERT PRINTING, (Public or Private,) consisting of PROGRAMMES, NOTES, TICKETS, POSTING BILLS, &c., are neatly and expeditiously executed with economy and taste by

W. S. JOHNSON,

PRINTER TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE 21 YEARS!

Where also may be had "The Musical World," and all Operas, Comedies, Plays, Farces, Burlesques, and the whole of Webster's unique Acting Drama.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

Is acknowledged as the best specific after three years' trial, for improving the voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to clergymen, singers, actors, public speakers, and all persons subject to relaxed throats.

The Proprietors have just received the following Testimonial, amongst many others, from MADAME ANNA BISHOP:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to say that all I have heard respecting the efficacy of DR. STOLBERG'S celebrated LOZENGE is perfectly true, as yesterday, feeling myself very fatigued (singing nightly at the Theatre), I took several of the Lozenges, and my voice was very clear, and my throat quite free from relaxation. I am, Dear Sir, Yours truly, ANNA BISHOP."

"18th November 1846.—Jermyn Street."
 Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards and Newbery and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, and Dietrichsen and Hannay, Oxford-street; and retail by all respectable Chemists in the Kingdom.

THOMAS BAKER'S MODERN PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

M. JULLIEN

Has the honor to announce, that he has just published the above work, which he flatters himself will be found the desideratum so long sought after by the profession. Notwithstanding the improvements that have taken place in Pianoforte Playing within the last ten years, no deviation has been made in the system of teaching from Tutors of the Old School; in consequence, many gifted with brilliant talents have been unable to execute the music of the present day. For this reason the

MODERN PIANOFORTE TUTOR

Has been introduced, and met with the greatest success from the elite of the profession, who have universally adopted it. The work is divided into two parts: the first being a complete Tutor in itself, containing the

RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC,

Rules for the Formation of the Hand, Scales,

FINGER EXERCISES, &c.

Interspersed with Morceaux from the works of

Beethoven, Mozart, Spohr, Weber, Meyerbeer, Roch-Albert, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, &c.—Price 8s.

The second part consists of a more advanced course of Study, proceeding to the most refined style of *Moderns Playing*;

Illustrated with numerous Examples & Exercises,

On all the various Fingerings adopted by the most eminent Pianistes of the MODERN SCHOOL: with Selections from the Pianoforte Compositions of HERZ, DOHLER, THALBERG, &c.; in fact, everything necessary to constitute a first-rate Pianist. Price 8s., or 1's. the entire work.

Published by M. JULLIEN & Co.,

AT THE ROYAL MUSICAL CONSERVATORY,

214, REGENT STREET, AND 45, KING STREET,

Where all the Compositions of the above Author may be had.

JULLIEN'S ALBUM FOR 1847.

M. JULLIEN has the honor to announce that the sixth edition of his

MUSICAL ANNUAL FOR 1847

Is now Published, and will be found by far the best work of the kind that has ever appeared; containing no less than

Thirty Pieces of Vocal and Fourteen of Instrumental Music,

The greater part of which have never before been published, the copyrights having been purchased expressly for this work, at an immense cost, with the view of rendering it immeasurably superior to any of its predecessors.

The portion which has already appeared comprise those pieces only whose decided success has induced M. JULLIEN, at the request of numerous influential patrons, to include them in this Selection.

The Illustrations, in addition to the elaborately executed Covers, Title, and Dedication pages, include two magnificent Views of the interior of Covent Garden Theatre. The one taken during the brilliant scene exhibited in that splendid arena of the occasion of M. JULLIEN'S GRAND BAL MASQUE; the other a VIEW OF THE THEATRE TAKEN DURING THE CONCERTS, the grouping of the Figures in both Views exhibiting the audience in a manner at once life-like and elegant. To those who have visited the Theatre on either occasion, the ALBUM will form a delightful SOUVENIR, and to those who have not had the opportunity, it will convey an accurate idea of the gorgeous scene.

A splendidly-coloured PORTRAIT of the celebrated Danseuse, Madlle. FLORA FABBRI, in the admired Pas, La Castigliani. An original subject, "THE FORTUNE TELLER," illustrating Baker's beautiful ballad of that name.

The whole of this department of the ALBUM has been under the active superintendence of J. BRANDARD, Esq., whose pencil only has been employed in its production.

Nothing more need be said in favour of this Work, and in proof of its vast superiority over all others, than to call attention to the names of the Contributors, where will be found the principal talent in Europe.

It will also be perceived that in addition to the latest compositions of the best English Composers, the ALBUM contains some of the newest and most popular productions of Italy, Germany, France, Spain, &c., a careful selection of which has been made from those works that are now attracting the attention of the Continental dilettanti. Price 18s. and £1 ls.

ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

214, REGENT-STREET, AND 45, KING-STREET.

SOVEREIGN Life Assurance Company,

No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET,

LONDON.

Trustees.	
Sir A. Brydges Henniker, Bart.	Henry Pownall, Esq.
B. Bond Cabbell, Esq., M.P.	Claude Edward Scott, Esq.
Directors.	
CHAIRMAN, Lieutenant Colonel Lord	Henry Broadwood, Esq., M.P.
Arthur Lennox.	Sir James Carmichael, Bart.
DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, T. C. Granger,	Charles Farcbrother, Esq., Alderman.
Esq., M.P.	William Tulloh Fraser, Esq.
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D.	John Gardiner, Esq.
T. M. B. Batard, Esq.	Aaron Asher Goldsmid, Esq.
Philip P. Blyth, Esq.	Henry William Pownall, Esq.
Bankers, Sir Claude Scott, Bart., and Co.	
Solicitors, Messrs. Davies, Son, and Campbell.	

Assurances on the lives of persons in every station of life and every part of the world, granted on a plan which combines the utmost amount of benefit to the families of the assured at death, with every attainable advantage during life, which the system of Life Assurance is capable of affording.

It affords perfect security in a subscribed Capital, which guarantees the prompt settlement of every claim, with participating and non-participating rates on the lowest scale, especially for terms of years.

The Assured can anticipate or obtain the advance of the full amount of the Policy, on giving approved available security for a certain number of annual payments, as explained by the Prospectus.

Every facility is afforded to persons assuring the lives of others, so as to render such Policies effectual securities.

A new plan of gradual or accumulative Assurance, particularly adapted for young lives, and for such as cannot, without inconvenience, undertake the payment of a fixed premium, securing at once provision in case of premature death, and an accumulating fund, available during life, should occasion require.

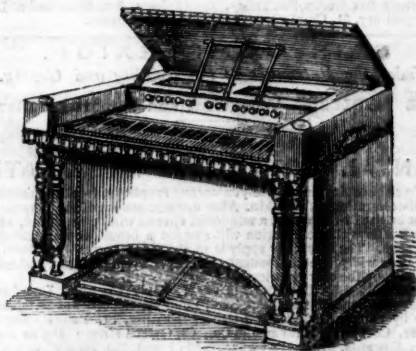
ANNUITIES, ENDOWMENTS, ADVANCES, and LOANS, on liberal terms.

Detailed Prospectuses, with forms of Proposal, and every information, may be had on application, either personally or by letter, at the Company's Offices.

The usual commission to Solicitors and Agents.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

THE PATENT HARMONIUM.



This beautiful Instrument possesses the softness of the voice with the variety of tone of every wind instrument, as also the power of a large Organ. It is equally suitable for Sacred Music, or the Dance, and adapted for the Drawing Room, Concert Room, Church or Chapel. Printed particulars can be had of Luff and Son, sole agents, where the PATENT HARMONIUM can be heard from 10 till 4 daily; and where can be inspected

LUFF & SON'S

Elegant Assortment of PIANOFORTES,

Made by experienced workmen, and thoroughly seasoned wood, all of which is prepared on the premises. They are warranted to stand well in Tune, and are prepared for extreme climates: prices one-third less than usually charged.

Instruments taken in exchange, and a liberal allowance to dealers.

LUFF and SON, 103, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed post paid. To be had of G. Parkes, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Wisheart, Dublin; and all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 20th, 1847.